

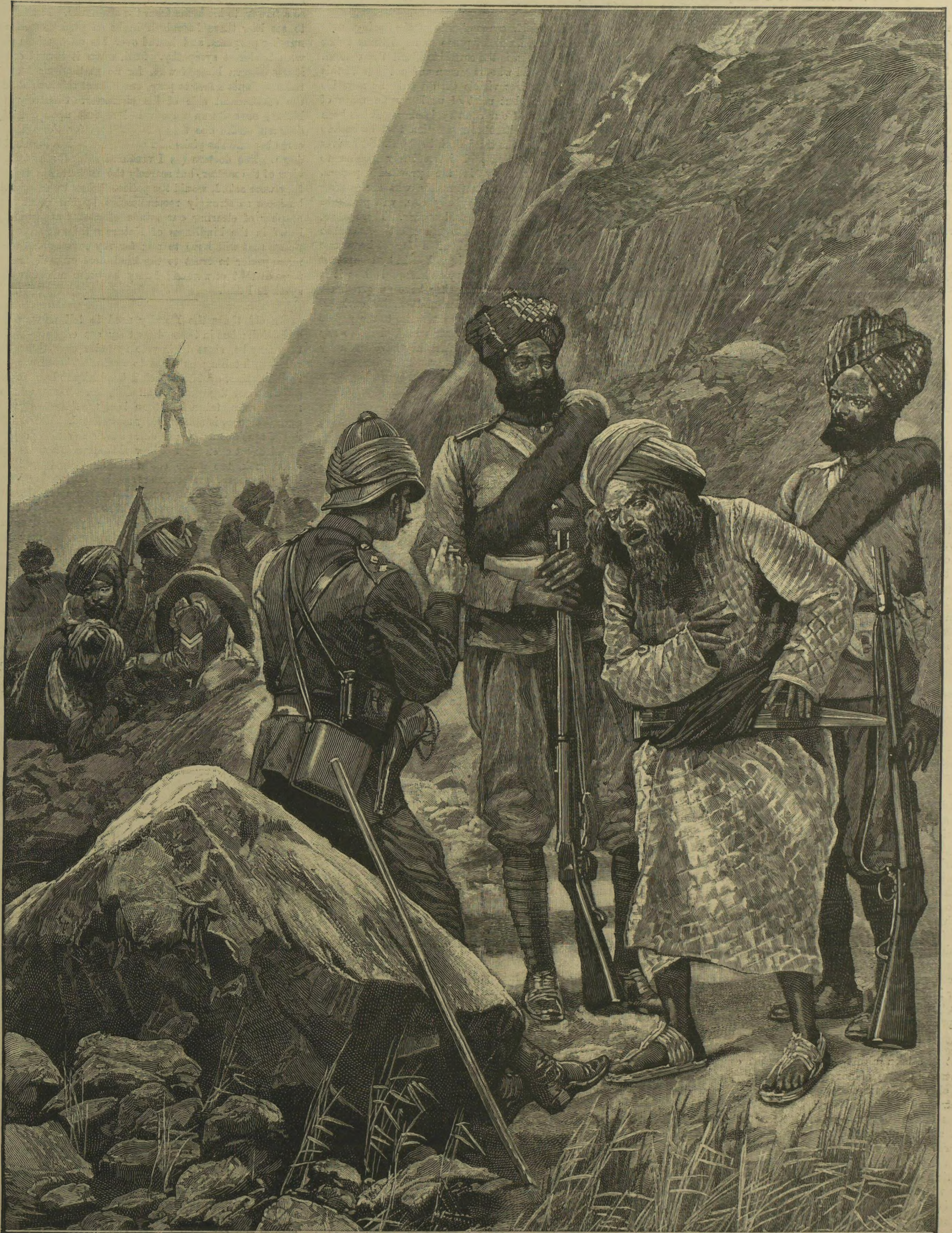
# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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A FRONTIER DISPUTE.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

It puzzled one of our royal Georges, we are told, how the apple ever got into the dumpling; but there are much more amazing examples of "interiors" in nature. As to the toad getting into the stone, that is a subject concerning which men of science have agreed to differ, nor is it really worth their while to quarrel about: except for the fabled jewel in his head, there is really nothing in relation to that creature which awakens human interest. He is too dull and damp—sagacious, no doubt, as Lord Burleigh, but without his shake of the head; but when in the middle of an elm-tree of mature age one comes upon somebody's initials—well, it is quite as romantic and much more improbable than to find a verse of one's own composing in the heart of a friend. According to a Hampshire newspaper, this, however, has recently happened. In one of the late gales an old elm-tree was blown down, and a man, in chopping it up for firewood, discovered in the midst of it the letters "B. P." cut deeply and clearly on one surface, while the other had the same letter in relief on a plate of bark fitting into the intaglio like a mould on a cast. The tree, it turned out, had been thus inscribed as the boundary of St. Botolph's Parish, and in course of years the bark had grown over the inscription, till layer after layer of woody fibre had utterly erased it. But supposing the carpenter's own initials were B. P. (which they were for all I know) how he would have stared! A country correspondent in a Sussex paper, commenting upon this incident, reminds us of an even more romantic occurrence, where in the middle of an old tree were found inscribed two hearts pierced with an arrow, and the following lines—

Long shall this tree witness bear,  
We two lovers walkéd here.

This sylvan valentine must have been of great age, since it was covered up completely. How strangely this sentiment, found "in the wood," must have appealed to the finder, and especially if he was the man who wrote it!

Many times had winter's shears,  
Frozen north and chilling east,

plied their trade among the forest fleeces since he kept tryst there. The whole incident in its romantic aspect seems to me full of pathos and beauty, with plenty of room for regret and remorse as well.

A well-known ecclesiastic informs us, as a contribution to the newspapers, that animals have "no rights," because they have only been created for the use of man. The same thing may be said of the creation of ecclesiastics—though some, indeed, deny their use—and yet there is no class who would resent the idea of having no rights more vehemently than they. It is fair to say that this gentleman does not approve of the ill-treatment of dumb creatures: he thinks that, on the whole, the habit of brutality is bad for the soul, but it cannot be "unjust" to the animal, since it has no soul. As to that matter—though his cocksureness is most irritating—I am content to leave him in the hands of Canon Wilberforce, who, as we know, entertains a different opinion upon the subject; but against this theory of "no rights" it behoves every man who has a heart—let alone a soul—to protest. If it were true, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has "no right" to exist. I can remember, in the war between the North and South, the same monstrous notion was advocated as regarded slaves. The question of souls, indeed, was not entertained, for, to do them justice, the advocates of slavery, save in rare instances, did not add religious hypocrisy to their other crimes; but it was urged that, since slaves were but chattels for the use of owners, they could have no rights. In this case the cruelty was not defended, but it was denied; "Would a man," it was said, "ill-use his own property?" I suppose our ecclesiastical friend would ask the same question, as though he had never seen an over-driven ox under its driver's cudgel. The fact is that in a brutal nature impatience of opposition soon becomes the lust of cruelty, which is a far stronger passion than the love of gain. Even if it could be demonstrated that animals have no rights, which certainly cannot be done, it would be a very undesirable thing to preach, since those who ill-treat them are already numerous enough and need no excuse for their brutalities. When confronted with an opinion of this kind one cannot but acknowledge that the religion of the head is far inferior to that of the heart, which teaches us (apart from "rights" or souls) "never to blend our pleasure or our pride with sorrow of the meanest thing that feels."

It has been already suggested that considering the immense increase of novel creeds it is very strange that that old one of transmigration has not been resuscitated. A few months ago, indeed, there was a law case in which it was incidentally mentioned that the defendant (a lady) kept a fine collection of cats, under the impression that she was thereby providing for her mother, several aunts, and a sister or two (all deceased); but the fact was only mentioned to her disadvantage, and, if I remember right, even with the intention of proving her insane. Yet, considering the extraordinary likeness of so many animals to human beings—the bull-dog to the prize-fighter, the Italian greyhound to the lady-of-fashion, and so on—it

is quite remarkable that this idea, in those religious circles which are constantly changing their views, has not "caught on" more generally. It seems an appropriate punishment enough—or, at all events, much more appropriate than others which have secured popular approval—that brutal or thoughtless persons should be condemned for a season to occupy those lower forms to whose natures they have voluntarily degraded themselves; nor would it be out of accordance with poetical justice that a merciless man in whose eyes his beast had "no rights" and far less any privileges, should himself be made to tug in the shafts of a sand-cart to the whistle of the whip. At all events, this revival of an ancient creed, while far less fantastic than some recent ones, would have the advantage of a moral lesson, since all who thought it possible that their former friends and relatives were going about on all-fours would surely be more considerate to quadrupeds in general.

One of the invariable concomitants of the Spring, notwithstanding the certificate for peace and quietness it has received from the poets, is the squabble about the cuckoo. Unlike the good child who is "seen and not heard," this peculiar bird is far less visible than vocal—he puts his notes in circulation, but most of us know no more of him personally than of our country banker. It has been always laid down by writers of reputation that no cuckoo is heard or seen before the third week in April. It arrives in England at that date, and immediately begins to advertise itself extensively in the provincial papers. Unfortunately, of late years, naturalists, who are getting impatient of authority, like everybody else, will persist in seeing and hearing him a good deal sooner. There have, indeed, at all times been legends to this effect. A cuckoo is recorded to have flown out of a faggot-heap one Christmas, and others to have been beheld by competent witnesses in January and February and March. But it is only recently that with every spring have appeared, or, at all events, been heard, earlier and earlier cuckoos. Country gentlemen, mostly clergymen, write to the papers while we are still crouching over our winter fires, to say that on this and that preposterous date they have distinctly heard this herald of spring. They are generally disbelieved, and most of all by their brother naturalists (who are as combative as robins), but they stick persistently to their tale, as though it brought the summer nearer.

There is no more welcome sound, as Wordsworth tells us, to the sick man's ear as he lies at his open window than this bird's monotonous cry. The spring comes very slowly up his way; but a little while ago, perhaps, it seemed that he should never see the spring again, and it is pleasant to know that it is coming. A velvet lawn seen at a distance through fir-trees, and still further off the blue gleam of the sea; beneath, a garden, fringed by a quiet lane, on which human heads (the rest of them out of sight) quietly come and go; by one's side a basket of flowers (more sweet even than it is their nature to be because they are sent by a friend), and with books waiting to be read; and then, at intervals, the note of the cuckoo. It is a situation (if one were not, alas! confined to it) of great though placid enjoyment. One "wouldn't call the Lord Mayor one's uncle," as the adage runs—that is, if one was obliged to look out of the Mansion House window instead. "Only," says a visitor, who is not a Cockney like your humble servant, "I think you must be mistaken about that cuckoo. It is rather early—" "Hush!" say I, "you are wrong; it is just the exact time." And, sure enough, there comes that delightful cry, not once nor twice (when there might have been some doubt about it), but no less than twelve consecutive times. "Why, my good friend, it's a cuckoo clock!" says my visitor as if he was affording me information. "Well, of course it is," I reply. "All the other accompaniments of spring weather are at my service, but the cuckoo is a difficult bird to teach to come when you want him, so I have provided a substitute. One doesn't care to see him, you know, but only to hear him." One would scarcely believe that under any circumstances even a person brought up in the country could apply the word "Humbug" to a sick friend, but this is really what happened. The fact is that up to the sixth "cuckoo" my friend was taken in. I knew by the expression of his countenance that it struck him as a remarkable occurrence in nature which would afford him an excellent opportunity of appearing in the local paper under the head of "Intimation of an Early Spring." The six last "cuckoos" were too much like twelve o'clock for him, and annoyed at my innocent deception, and furious at his disappointment as respects appearing in print, he had let fall the injurious expression above alluded to.

In any of our exhibitions there is always to be seen a picture or two with underneath it the word "Convalescence," or some synonym, in which somebody is sitting at an open window and listening—much too early—for the cuckoo. Sometimes it is a "greenery-yallery Grosvenor Gallery" young man, but more generally a young person of the opposite sex, in a rather low dress (considering the time of year and her delicate condition) and with a very high colour. She is not so healthy-looking as her description (convalescence) would suggest, and one has a suspicion that she has figured in some previous exhibition over the

words "Passing Away." Under those circumstances she was supposed to be expressing astonishment at being still alive, and to be listening to the bleating of the lamb. On the present occasion it is the cuckoo; but who is to know? It would be a great help to the spectator if a little clock, with that rarely seen songster painted on the dial, could be unambitiously depicted in the background. This would be realistic and quite in the fashion; if I am wrong it is my first appearance as an art-critic, and "even the youngest of us is liable to error."

Some excellent persons have taken me to task for speaking of "kindly Nature" as though she were not really so tenderly emotional as the appellation would suggest. The accusation reminds me of an incident which once came under my notice in village life. Brown, a rustic bruiser, was seen carrying his friend Jones, gently as a flower, to his home from the ale-house. It was pretty to see how those herculean limbs adapted themselves to nursing purposes, and bowed over his unconscious charge with tenderest sympathy. Still, when it turned out that it was Brown himself who, for no particular reason, had reduced Jones's face to pulp, one did not think so highly of the sentimental side of his character. Similarly, when Nature commits an unprovoked assault upon a party, it does not strike one that she qualifies for the ambulance corps because she picks him up after she has knocked him down. The doctors (as I ventured to hint) may take that view of the matter, but scarcely the patient, nor indeed, if they were asked, would the police. When we set about the business so strongly recommended by the great lexicographer of clearing our minds of cant, I am afraid that belief in the kindness of Nature will be one of the first things that will have to go; for my part, at all events, I much prefer to trust to the kindness of man, and still more to that of woman; I may be quite mistaken, but I speak as I find.

In old times the Faculty used to tell us what to eat and drink; but in these days they are content—and well they may be, since their veto includes everything palatable—with telling us what to avoid. Their last ukase is issued against oysters, which it has hitherto been supposed are the most digestible of all dainties. Fresh salmon, it now appears, takes less than half the time to digest, and even the goose is more rapidly assimilated. The matter is not of much consequence, since only a few rich people can afford to eat oysters; but how ridiculous it is to see, week after week, the whole science of dietetics turned topsyturvy by some professor or another of the healing art! What seems the right course for every man of common sense to take is to eat what he likes if it agrees with him, even though the whole College of Physicians denounce it as slow poison. "If it be not bad for me," he may reasonably say to himself, "what care I how bad it be!"—that is, for other people. It is well known that a few years ago a very ancient judge confided to two of his learned brethren—who might, however, have been his sons—what he conceived to be the secret of his longevity: "I never let the fresh air get near me, and never put anything cold into my stomach." It is true that he had rather a parchment-like skin—which, perhaps, he only considered professional—but he was fairly active (in getting in and out of his carriage) and in the full possession of his faculties. His two friends adopted his plan, but it seemed it didn't do for everybody, since they died within the twelvemonth. Years ago I was given over myself by a very eminent physician. He was describing various deadly habits to which men were prone, and all of which I had, so far, survived. I felt quite ashamed to be alive; still, when he "went for" tobacco I felt it would be hypocritical not to say that I smoked a little myself occasionally. "I am speaking of excessive smoking," he said gravely, "such as a dozen pipes a day." I felt compelled to say that I had done that (but not that I had done any more). "Ah! then it must have been a comparatively harmless tobacco! What is so fatal is the insidious sort that contains so much nicotine. No one could smoke Latakia, for example, at that rate." I couldn't tell him—I really could not, being so alive and well at the time—that I had never smoked anything else.

Since the doctors are altering all established views about wholesomeness, perhaps they may come round in time to the system adopted by the Rev. William Davies, Vicar of All Saints, Hereford, who died there in 1790 at the very fair age of 105. In early life he gave way to the prevailing superstition about fresh air and exercise, but when his mind grew mature—at the age of seventy—to be precise—he determined to let nature (that is, his own tastes and fancies) be his guide. Henceforth he never tired himself by walking, but "just slipped his feet one above the other, and without going upstairs, from room to room." His breakfast, though "hearty," consisted mainly of hot rolls well buttered; but his dinner was very substantial, nor did he allow it to interfere with his supper, when he had plenty of hot roast meat. "He was always cheerful and entertaining, and much beloved by all who knew him. He had neither gout, stone, rheumatism, nor any of the infirmities which commonly attend old age, and he died peaceably in full possession of all his faculties, mental and corporeal."



## LATEST NEWS OF THE PHANTOM COACH.

BY THE REV. DR. JESSOP.

When I wrote on the subject of the Phantom Coach in November last, I never thought that I should have occasion to recur to it again. But it so happens that among the letters which came to me as a natural consequence of my rashness in dealing with so mysterious a phenomenon there are at least two which it seems to me that my readers ought to be made acquainted with, be they sceptics of the most pronounced type who are prepared to disbelieve anything and everything, or be they the so-called spiritualists whose credulity has no limit. For myself, I am one of those unhappy eclectics whom the Philistines abhor because I do believe something, and the visionaries denounce as a mocker because I stand by the laws of nature, and cannot conceive that twice two can ever be equal to five. We are an unfortunate band, we eclectics. During the last year or two I have found myself stigmatised as a dangerous Radical, a bigoted Tory, and a crypto Papist, only, as far as I can see, because I am not a dangerous, bigoted, or crypto anything. If I were only a poet I could understand why I should have this hard measure, for it was of a poet that it was said—

He's a traitor, blasphemer, and what rayther worse is,  
He puts all his Atheism into dre'ful bad verses!

But being a mere man of prose, why should mine enemies box the compass, as it were, and paste me all over with tickets like an old portmanteau that has been upon its travels?

You, my superior people, do not believe in the Phantom Coach. Good! I am not going to argue with you. You spiritualistic people—you look askance at me because I do not believe as much as I ought about the said coach? Good again! I'm not going to argue with you either. I never knew a man of fifty who was argued into anything; and most of you, I am informed, are over fifty—and so am I.

Nevertheless, here are two letters which are lying before me as I write. You are welcome to the extracts from those letters, which I am permitted to make public. It is no fault of mine that I am compelled to withhold the names of persons and places, which have been communicated to me in confidence.

The first letter is dated Nov. 7, 1893. It was written by a gentleman of good birth, education, and position, and this is what he says—

"We live in an old-fashioned mansion in—, and on Sept. 9, seventeen years ago, my sisters and I were sitting quietly in the dining-room after supper, and three small dogs were lying before the fire. The night was very still, but suddenly the stillness was broken by the sound of wheels on the drive, coming towards the house. The dogs began barking, and my sisters exclaimed, 'There is a carriage coming up the avenue!' I may mention that for some days we had been expecting a brother from the north of England. Someone looked at the timepiece, and said, 'It will be Henry; he must have come with the last train!' My sisters went to the door to welcome him, and I went to look out at the window. Shading my eyes from the light in the room, and peering through the Venetian blinds, I distinctly saw a horse (harnessed) standing halfway past the porch at the door. It was a brown horse, and the ears were lying a little back. I said aloud, 'It is Henry! There's a trap at the door,' and then I followed my sisters. Imagine my feelings, on going to the door, to see nothing, and my sisters gazing around in blank amazement. We returned to the dining-room feeling rather queer and eerie. After a bit a thought occurred to me to ask the servants if they had heard anything. On going to the kitchen, I said, 'Did you hear anything?' 'Yes,' they said; 'we heard a carriage come up the avenue.' Further inquiry elicited the fact that they had heard it coming some distance away and then stop at the house, and they had remarked amongst themselves that it was a long time in going away.

"As many members of our family were from home, I made a note of the date and hour; but nothing happened, and ever since all our friends know the story as the 'Phantom Carriage.' I ought to mention that looking out of the dining-room window, as I did, although a carriage is at the door, it is only the horse that can be seen."

I have very little comment to make upon this simple narrative; it speaks for itself. But I wonder why those three little dogs did not run to the door and go for that horse. But then dogs do so dearly love a Turkey rug spread before the fire, and it may be that they had heard enough to make them reluctant to carry the matter any further. That was really a very profound remark of the philosopher who confessed that he had never yet got inside a dog's head.

Seventeen years ago is an unco' long time. It's several thousands of days ago, and tens of thousands of hours ago, and of course—of course—what happened all that time ago can't be quite as true as what happened the day before yesterday. "Julius Caesar? Who's Julius Caesar?" said a grumpy old parishioner of mine to a persistent proselytiser. "For all I know, or you know, he may have been aboard of the Ark. I ain't a-going to be took all that way back!" Just so; I am painfully aware that the historic imagination requires to be cultivated laboriously before it can go "all that way back." After seventeen years we may begin to doubt any evidence. To begin with, none of those dogs can be alive now, and if they were they'd be so deaf that it would be useless to cross-examine them!

It is therefore advisable that we should have better evidence than that of seventeen years ago. Wherefore let my readers ponder the following letter, dated Nov. 30, 1893, and dated from a house in the county of Norfolk, the

peculiar land of the Phantom Coach, as I till recently had believed. Also, let it be remembered that the article on the said coach was published on the 4th of that month. The writer of the letter is a beneficed clergyman and well known in the land of the East, whence in old times the wise men came, but where now they stay because they are so wise. Thus writes this wise man—

"On Nov. 13th I was dining with the Volunteers, and on my left . . . was a doctor who lives just at the top of my lane. He said to me, 'Were you dining at X on Saturday?' I replied, 'No! but why do you ask?' 'Oh!' he replied, 'because I was on the X road on Saturday, and I saw going before me into Y a carriage with lamps lit, and I thought it must be yours, because it turned down your lane and in at your gate; and when I went in my wife said to me, 'I suppose the W.'s were dining out? I have just heard their carriage drive in.' 'Well,' I replied, 'we certainly were not dining out on Saturday, and at the hour at which you saw the carriage I was in bed and asleep, and I certainly heard nothing.' That, Sir, is the story, and I do not attempt to explain it. No one living in that lane has a carriage-and-pair except ourselves. . . . There is no train at so late an hour."

As far as I am at present informed, this is the last appearance of the Phantom Coach in its native county. On this story I have even less to say by way of comment than on the previous one. A suggestion has been offered which will be fully approved of by the Philistines and make them very happy, but which will correspondingly distress

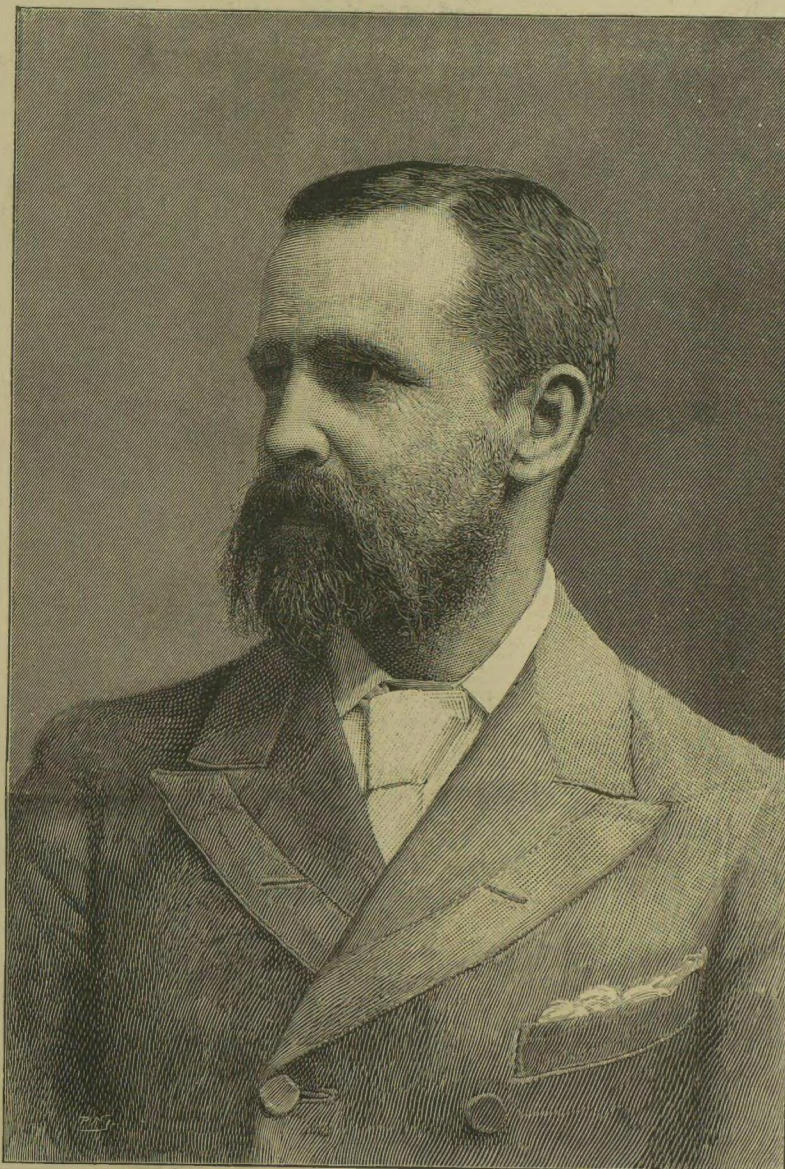


Photo by Russell and Son, Baker Street.

THE LATE CAPTAIN VERNEY LOVETT CAMERON, R.N.

their more psychical fellow-creatures, always provided that it suffices for its purpose of accounting for the facts. And whenever you are compelled to admit facts that are hateful to you, you may always get rid of them by accounting for them. The suggestion is this: A band of Philistines—"india-rubber idiots on the spree"—are supposed to have hired a carriage-and-pair from somewhere, and to have driven down from nowhere in particular till they came to X. Then they drove to that particular lane in the dead of night, and secretly drew back to where they came from. Also it is supposed that they were induced to take this nocturnal drive, with lamps lit and a coachman on the box, in consequence of the profound effect produced upon them by a certain article in *The Illustrated London News* of Nov. 4, 1893. Very odd, isn't it?

The Local Government Board has assented to the request of the Corporation of Liverpool for the extension of the municipal boundary of that city, which will henceforth include the districts of Walton, Wavertree, and Toxteth Park, now under local boards. Liverpool will be the second largest city in the United Kingdom, with a total rateable value of three-and-a-quarter millions sterling.

The Chancery Division Court has ordered the preparation of a scheme for the disposal of the endowments held by the Governors of Christ's Hospital and exempted from the scheme passed in 1890 under the Endowed Schools Acts as of less than fifty years' standing. The value of the endowment is over £110,000, and the revenue they yield £3324.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## THE LATE CAPTAIN V. L. CAMERON, R.N.

"Across Africa," the title of Captain Verney Lovett Cameron's book, published in 1877, is not now a great exploring feat; but his exploit, performed in the years 1873, 1874, and 1875, was only second in geographical importance to that of Mr. H. M. Stanley. We regret his death, on Easter Monday, at his residence near Leighton Buzzard, from injuries by a fall from his horse, with which he had gone out to ride with Lord Rothschild's staghounds. He was nearly fifty years of age; son of the late Vicar of Shoreham, Kent, and of Mrs. Lovett Cameron, authoress of several novels. Entering the Royal Navy in 1857, he served in the Mediterranean, the West Indies, the Red Sea, and the Abyssinian Expedition. In 1873 he was leader of the expedition sent by the Royal Geographical Society to relieve Dr. Livingstone, who had been found by Stanley, but had gone farther into the interior. Cameron then minutely explored the shores of Lake Tanganyika, first discovered by Burton, and in May 1874 started with Dr. Dillon and Lieutenant Murphy to reach the west coast of Africa by a route previously unknown, far south of the Congo. He corrected and completed the researches of Livingstone concerning several of the southern tributaries of that great river, beyond the chain of lakes which Livingstone had visited; and also disproved Livingstone's theory that the Lualaba flowed to the Nile. Indeed, Cameron's work has the merit of contributing, more than that of any other traveller, to a just comprehension of the main water-

sheds, respectively, of the Congo, the Zambesi, and the Nile. Though he did not personally visit either the Nile or the Zambesi, and it was Stanley who discovered the course of the Congo, the problem of ascertaining, broadly, the limits and areas of the principal hydrographic basins of Central Africa was solved by Cameron. He was also the first to open the way to the Katanga country, rich in minerals, for the survey and utilisation of which, in later years, a company was formed, and expeditions were conducted by Mr. Joseph Thomson and Captain Stairs. Left alone by the illness of Murphy and the blindness of Dillon, who were forced to return, Cameron went on to where Livingstone had died, took care of his papers, and, turning to the south-west, reached on Nov. 7, 1875, the Portuguese town of Benguela, on the Atlantic. Long considered lost, the traveller, on his arrival in England, was received with every mark of appreciation. In 1878 he started on a tour through Asia Minor and Persia to India, and four years later he accompanied Sir Richard Burton to the Gold Coast. Cameron was engaged in a company which seeks to develop the Portuguese territory between the Zambesi and the Loangwe.

## THE FIGHTING ON THE GAMBIA.

The brief campaign against Fodi Silah, the chief of the Mandingos, in the territory south of the river Gambia, has terminated in the complete defeat of the enemy, the capture of all the stockaded native towns or villages, and the submission of the hostile tribes. The concerted operations of Major Madden, commanding the troops of the 1st West India (negro) Regiment and of the ships and Naval Brigade of the West African Squadron, commanded by Rear-Admiral Bedford, were, on the whole, successful, with but one temporary reverse. This was on Feb. 22, when Captain E. H. Gamble, R.N., with about one hundred seamen of H.M.S. Raleigh, Widgeon, Alecto, and Magpie, who had landed at Madini Creek, while marching to Gonjur to join Colonel Corbet's force of fifty marines and fifty of the West India Regiment, was attacked by the enemy in ambush amid the tall grass. There was severe fighting, but the sailors forced their way through and reached the boats ten miles distant; Lieutenant F. W. A. Hervey, of the Royal Marines, Lieutenant W. H. Arnold, R.N., Sub-Lieutenant F. W. T. Meister, and another were killed; while Captain Gamble, Lieutenant the Hon. R. F. Boyle, Lieutenant H. J. Savill, and other officers, with many of the seamen, about twenty in all, were wounded. They were obliged to leave a seven-pounder gun, forty-seven rifles, and six thousand rounds of ammunition. Colonel Corbet, on the same day, captured the village of Busamballa; on the 26th defeated the enemy at Sabajee; and on March 5, having had his force raised to five hundred men, detached a portion of it, under Major Madden, to attack Jambur and Birkama, in the rear of Gonjur. The last-named place was then bombarded by the ships, and the enemy made off; Fodi Silah escaped into French territory, where he was arrested; and so this little war came to an end. The gun and part of the rifles and ammunition have been recovered.

## GOLF-PLAYING AT PORTRUSH.

Portrush, on the north coast of Ireland, easily reached from Bushmills, or from the town of Coleraine, seven miles distant by rail, is one of the most attractive places of seaside resort in summer. Within an hour's walk are the beautiful White Rocks, with their curious and fantastic limestone caverns; and the Castle of Dunluce, the romantic ruin of a stupendous Norman stronghold, which is situated on a detached rock jutting out into the sea, and is connected with the land by a high and very narrow bridge. As a marine bathing-place, and as a retreat for the sake of repose or health, with the finest, and most invigorating air of the North Atlantic, the advantages of Portrush are now well appreciated. There is no lack of opportunities of recreation, and those visitors who like the game of golf find here a ground well adapted to this pastime.





THE RECENT FIGHTING ON THE GAMBIA: AMBUSH AT MADINI CREEK.





"CUPID WORSHIP."—BY F. VINEY.

From a Photograph by the Berlin Photographic Company.



## PERSONAL.

The local geologist or naturalist who makes a lifelong study, with adequate scientific learning, of the features and phenomena of his own district, is usually a modest, quiet, unambitious man of real merit, not eager for personal display before fashionable London audiences. Such a man we have lost in Mr. William Pengelly, of Torquay, at the good old age of eighty-two. It is more than half a century ago that this worthy Cornishman, settled in South Devon, contributed to the information gathered by Lyell, Murchison, and other leaders of geological science details of great value, which were especially serviceable in tracing the former existence of species of animals now extinct in the British islands, and of prehistoric man. His exploration of Kent's Cavern, undertaken under the auspices of the British Association, occupied sixteen years. He was the author of various geological papers, and wrote, in conjunction with Dr. Heer, of Zürich, a monograph on "The Lignite Formation of Bovey Tracey, Devonshire." He collected and arranged the Devonian fossils, which, under the name of "the Pengelly Collection," are lodged in the Oxford University Museum. Mr. Pengelly re-established the Torquay Mechanics' Institute in 1837; originated the Torquay Natural History Society, and in 1862 founded the Devonshire Association for the Advancement of Science, Literature, and Art. He was a Fellow of the Royal Society and of the Geological Society, and an honorary member of the Société d'Anthropologie of Paris.

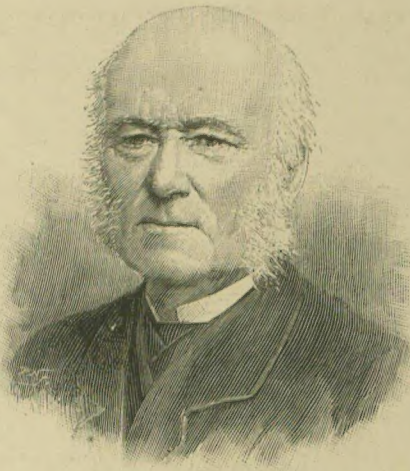


Photo by H. J. Whitlock, Birmingham.  
THE LATE MRS. W. PENGELLY, F.R.S.

Lord Rosebery's ecclesiastical appointments are awaited with much interest. Some of the quidnuncs think he will follow the lines laid down by Mr. Gladstone, who must, they think, have left a list of suitable nominees for every conceivable vacancy in the care of his secretary, Mr. Murray, who is also at Lord Rosebery's elbow. Others maintain that the Prime Minister will take his own course, that his views are Broad Church, that he wants to see in high preferment divines like the Rev. William Rogers, known to fame as "Hang-Theology Rogers." It is noted that Lord Rosebery's first visit after his appointment as Premier was made to Mr. Rogers, who is one of his oldest friends.

Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson's favourite periodicals are said to be the *Lancet* and the *Kew Gardens Bulletin*. The latter explains itself, for among the plants and flowers of Polynesia a reader would naturally take an interest in the health of the exotics at Kew. But why the *Lancet*, unless Mrs. Stevenson likes to feel her flesh creep when she studies the appalling warnings of our contemporary? Perhaps it is delightful to sit in a Samoan garden, far from the ill and madding crowds of civilised cities, and read how the unfortunate beings who dwell in London are in danger of disease at every moment. Perhaps this gives a piquancy to Polynesian society, and keeps at bay that ennui which may occasionally trouble existence in that blissful region.

Mr. Irving has brought back some curious experiences from America. In one city he was entertained by a club who provided him with a table-cloth of gold. After dinner they conducted him to a darkened vault, where the most famous characters which he impersonates appeared before him in a ghostly fashion, and apostrophised him with startling directness. Finally, they danced round him with a wild chorus, and then the lights were turned up, disclosing the vivacious masqueraders. Mr. Irving appears to have entered into the spirit of this frolic with the utmost heartiness, and he afterwards sent to the members of the club five hundred morocco-bound passes for the Lyceum, signed with his autograph. No doubt the five hundred will charter a steamer, and come over in a body.

There is a very small lady, aged about four years, in whose welfare the public is somewhat anxiously interested just now. This is Miss Dorothy Drew, Mr. Gladstone's granddaughter, who is going through the infantile trial of measles. There are a good many young ladies of the same age who suffer the same experience, but outside their family circles there is no anxiety about them. They have no bulletins in the daily papers recording the progress of the ailment. We do not say this in order to rouse any infant jealousies. Miss Dorothy Drew is a privileged little personage, for she is already a figure in public life. She accompanies her grandpapa everywhere, and there are many charming anecdotes about the affection between illustrious old age and saucy infancy. So the country is watching those measles at Brighton with a sympathetic eye, and when Miss Dorothy Drew is well enough to drive out once more with Mr. Gladstone and kiss her hand to enthusiastic citizens, there will be a general sense of satisfaction.

Such an Easter as we have had this year has rarely been known in the annals of our meteorology. London has basked in an unwonted sun, and the east wind has been converted to a caressing zephyr. The holiday-making has tempted one enthusiastic scribe to say that Englishmen have "a dash of Southern levity and languor in their blood," a piece of rhetoric which would have moved us all to derision at any other Easter but this. The Volunteers have engaged in sanguinary conflict, and the country is once more assured that it is impregnable against any

possible invader. This optimism is largely due to the weather, for when the Volunteers have to fight in storm and rain the military critics are disposed to be restive and censorious. It is evident that if the invader ever should come, he will have to choose a season when our Volunteers are thoroughly drenched by our island showers.

Mr. Olcott denies that Mrs. Besant has conformed to the Hindoo religion, and has bathed in the sacred Ganges. He means, however, that Mrs. Besant has not embraced Hindooism in its modern and "corrupt" form. She is really a Hindoo, but of the pure Aryan type. She has found in the Vedas more spiritual sustenance than in the Scriptures. To most people, the distinction which Mr. Olcott draws will not appear as substantial as it does to him; but the interesting fact is that Theosophy is absorbed in Buddhism. Whether Mrs. Besant will carry her disciples with her remains to be seen; but her latest development ought to be specially noteworthy to those observers who predicted years ago, in the days of her anti-religious crusade, that she would become a propagandist of a very different kind. But they thought she would end in the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church.

The year's list of accidents in the football field is a very gruesome array. Sudden deaths and broken bones make it like an official return of the killed and wounded after a campaign. Some of the devotees of football are doing their best to mitigate the unpleasant impression by assuring us that if there were no football, many people would die for want of wholesome exercise. There might be something in this argument if football were the only exercise, but it is quite possible to get healthful recreation without running the risk of being killed or maimed for life. A game which produces such an annual list of casualties must have powerful attractions to counteract its dangers; but it is no use telling us that it is indispensable to the health of the community.

The reported death of Otto Hegner, the youthful pianist, is one of those stories which reappear at intervals with moral embellishments. For instance, Otto Hegner, according to the latest account, died by falling from the piano-stool, "a victim to pride and cupidity." In this case the homily is considerably in excess of the fact. Otto is still alive, so is Josef Hoffman, another prodigy, who was supposed to have run away from his parents, shipped as a stowaway to Bombay, and eventually died in a lunatic asylum. This romantic career is purely imaginary, for Josef is pursuing his musical studies without any apparent discomfort. There seems to be a perfect genius for killing juvenile musicians in the newspapers and then preaching concise sermons on the imaginary tragedy. It is a pity that so much moral feeling should be wasted on fiction.

Mr. Ernest Gray, President of the National Union of Teachers, has sounded a note of alarm. In his address at Oxford he gives the results of an impartial inquiry into the sanitary condition of rural schools. In many cases these schools are literally fever-traps. The children were exposed to constant danger, and the health of the teachers suffered deplorably. Mr. Gray attributed this state of affairs to the want of money and to the arbitrary administration of the Government grant. Whether his suggestion that educational district boards should be formed is feasible or not, there is manifest ground for a Parliamentary inquiry into a system which really makes education an instrument of disease. At all hazards, measures should be taken for the provision of sufficient funds to keep the schools in proper order.

The memory of a *cause célèbre* has been revived by Kossuth's death. This was a suit in Chancery in which the plaintiff was the Emperor of Austria and the defendants Kossuth and Day. It arose from the printing by Messrs. Day and Son of twenty millions of notes in three varieties, for circulation by the Hungarian patriot. A complaint having been raised with little success by the Austrian Government against the firm for executing the order, the matter occupied the attention of the Court of Chancery. Sir Hugh Cairns, afterwards Lord Chancellor, had the unusual privilege of pleading on behalf of the Emperor, and succeeded in obtaining an order for the destruction of the notes. The firm states that it was afterwards remunerated for the trouble and expense it had incurred. Accordingly, on Good Friday, many years ago, wagons conveyed these Kossuth notes, one of which is reproduced, to the Bank of England, where they were burnt in the presence of Mr. B. G. Lake. A very few were preserved from the flames for curio collections, and the sight of these recalls this extraordinary case in English law.

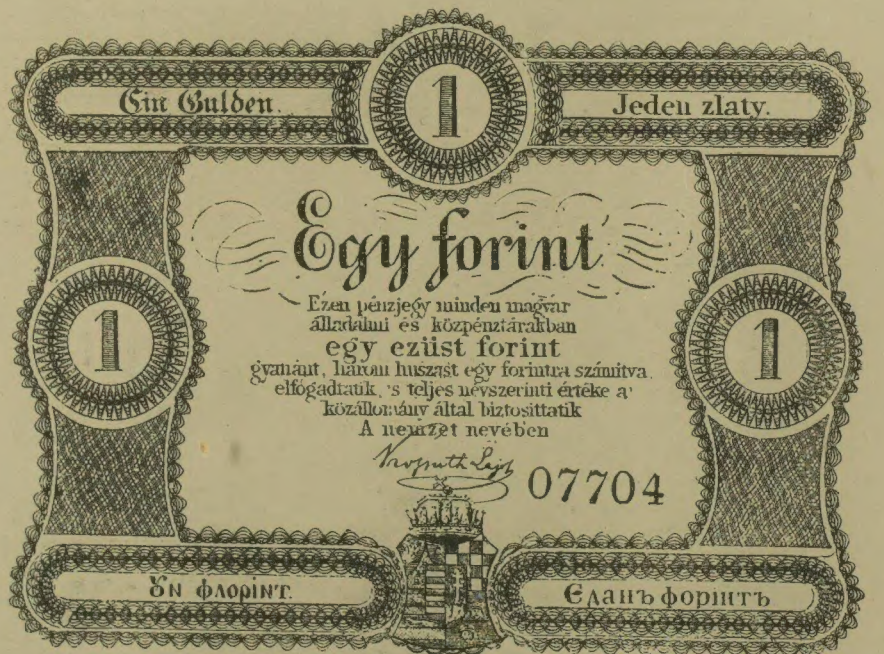
An Indian newspaper has been trying to catch something of the drift of public opinion in Afghanistan, and has interviewed an intelligent Cabuli, whose version of the views and sentiments of his countrymen is not very favourable to the Amir. It appears that the Afghans cannot understand why their Amir's allowance should have been increased by Rs. 50,000 per annum, and they think it would have been better to bank the rupees in India as a fund to draw on in case of foreign aggression. They are afraid Abdurrahman will use the money to send troops and priests into Kafiristan, and either annex that State or sow discord between it and Chitral. On the whole, the Afghans declare that in our recent negotiations the Amir has scored and England failed to secure her *quid pro quo*. Lastly, the

Sirdars, who are virtually the aristocracy of Cabul, appear to be scandalised at Mr. Pyne—or, rather, Sir Thomas Pyne, as he is now—dining at our Queen's table, and they pointedly asked their ruler what greater dignity the Queen could have in store for him if ever he were to visit England now that his superintendent of workshops had been so far honoured. All this will sound to British ears loose and rather irrational argument, but we cannot neglect the Afghan *vox populi*, such as it is; and if anything should happen to the present ruler it must not be forgotten that the wishes of these Sirdars will become a prime factor in determining the future government of the country.

One of the most conspicuous features in the Church's work in South London is the Trinity College (Cambridge) Mission at St. George's, Camberwell. For nearly eight years the parish—a crowded one, containing more than 17,000 people, principally of the working classes—has had the advantage of a staff of Cambridge men, clerical and lay, who have been unflinching in their endeavours to raise the whole social life of the people. Not alone in church or mission room, but in institute and club these representatives of one of the most distinguished colleges of Cambridge University have worked with a devotion and ability beyond all praise. The Vicar of St. George's and warden of the mission, the Rev. Norman Campbell, under whose direction the work has been carried on, is now retiring, and the Bishop of Rochester has invited the Rev. Richard Appleton, Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, to succeed him. A better selection could not have been made. Although a distinguished don, he has ever interested himself in evangelistic work at Cambridge, and many past members of the University will recall the happy days they spent in the Jesus Lane Sunday School when he was superintendent. He attracted the best men round him, and his teaching staff was of the strongest. He is ten years senior to Mr. Campbell, and took a most distinguished degree in 1871, being Sixth Wrangler and Chancellor's Medallist. He enjoyed the fullest confidence of the late Bishop Lightfoot, whose examining chaplain he was, and he now fills a similar position for Bishop Westcott. He is a man of considerable business capacity as well as ripe scholarship, and for ten years he has been closely identified, as Dean, with the affairs of Trinity College. His advent to South London should give still further impetus to a work which has been already well done in spite of many difficulties. The new warden is a brother-in-law of the Bishop of Dover.

The Indian papers report the arrival at Jask, in Eastern Persia, of Mr. Frank G. Lenz, the young American bicyclist who has been traversing Asia from east to west. Of his most recent experiences, along the Mekran coast, Mr. Lenz complained bitterly, saying nothing on earth would induce him to repeat that section of the journey. Most of the Baluchis fled at his approach and deserted their huts, only to return at nightfall. They appeared to be mortally scared at the bicycle. The inhospitality of the country and the terrible scarcity of water were such that he did his best to push on into Persia as rapidly as possible. With China and its people Mr. Lenz was pleased; supplies and water were generally to be had, and in India travelling was even better, and the natives still more civilised. At the time the mail left, Mr. Lenz was making his way to Shiraz, so famous for its roses and its salubrious air.

The third number of *Pears' Pictorial*, edited by Mr. Joseph Grego, has an especial interest for lovers of "The Vicar of Wakefield," and who cannot be reckoned in this



ORIGINAL KOSSUTH BANK-NOTE.

category? That "kind and gentle heart," Oliver Goldsmith, is held in growing appreciation, and therefore it was an appropriate selection of Messrs. Pears to reprint the "Vicar," with the illustrations by Rowlandson, reproduced from the original drawings. As the edition in which these originals appeared is now scarce, and changes hands at ten guineas, there will be sure to be a steady demand for this quarterly magazine, which is excellently printed on good paper, and will revive pleasant recollections for old admirers of the story and make new friends to laugh over the incident of the razors, and the family group painted by "a limner who travelled through the country, and took likenesses for fifteen shillings a head." It only remains to mention that *Pears' Pictorial* is published for the famous firm by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., at the price of one shilling.



## HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, with Princess Henry of Battenberg, is at the Villa Fabbriotti, Florence, where she will be visited by the King and Queen of Italy.

The Prince of Wales has been staying at Nice. The Princess of Wales and her daughters, at Sandringham, were joined by the Duke and Duchess of York at Easter.

The public holidays, Good Friday and Easter Monday, and the two intervening days were favoured by the brightest sunny weather, and were much enjoyed by vast multitudes of people.

The Easter manoeuvres of the Metropolitan Volunteer corps in the Home Counties did not this year present such a large military display, at any one place, as in many former years; but there was a sufficient amount of detached campaigning and marching in different parts of the country. The North London Brigade, at Dover, engaged in operations against an invading force supposed to have landed to the eastward, near Kingsdown, and represented by about 1000 Regulars, who occupied a position south of Ringwood. At Canterbury the South London Brigade was divided into two portions, one representing the advanced guard of an invading force, which had bivouacked at Adisham, and the manoeuvres took the form of an infantry attack and defence. At Winchester the East London Brigade, divided into two sections, conducted some operations, including an attack on and defence of the plateau of Cheesefoot Down and an attack on Oliver's battery. The Surrey Brigade, at Guildford, co-operated with the Regulars from Aldershot in a sham fight, in which 10,000 troops of all arms were engaged, over the hills and valleys between Frimley Green and Guildford. The Engineer Volunteers at Chatham went through a good deal of work in the way of practical instruction, and an elaborate attack on a redoubt at Gillingham; while the Artillery at Sheerness and Grain Fort practised battalion and gun drill and heavy-gun practice. Field days were also held by Volunteers in Essex, at Portsmouth, and elsewhere.

The House of Commons held a sitting on Saturday, March 24, and the House of Lords on Monday, March 26, for the necessary act of passing the Consolidated Fund Bill to supply the financial means of carrying on the Government business departments.

Mr. Gladstone has been examined by Mr. Nettleship, the well-known oculist, who confirms the presence of cataract in both eyes, but is of opinion that no complications are present, and does not advise an early operation. The right hon. gentleman has written a letter to Sir John Cowan and the electors of Midlothian, in which he expresses his regret that the discrepancy of sentiment between the two Houses of Parliament has received within the last twelvemonth such a development as to raise a question between a Chamber in the main responsible and a Chamber totally irresponsible to the nation at large, and in a form which will demand at no distant day a conclusive judgment from the constituencies. He closes with the expression of a conviction that till the just demands of Ireland have been satisfied the legislative wants of any portion of the United Kingdom cannot be adequately met.

Lord Rosebery has been presented with an address from the Progressive party in the London County Council, and made a speech in reply dwelling upon the benefits already conferred on London by that body; he spoke also of what the County Council had obtained from Mr. Gladstone's Government and from Parliament through its support, and the efforts and achievements of the Ministry in the way of labour legislation and social reform. The record was, he thought, one of which any Government might be proud.

The election for the Leith Burghs, at the polling on Monday, March 26, resulted in favour of Mr. Munro Ferguson, the Liberal candidate, by 5823 votes, against 4692 for Mr. W. A. Bell, the Unionist; and the election for the Hawick Burghs returned Mr. T. Shaw, the Scottish Solicitor-General, by 3203 votes, against 2556 for Mr. R. Fullarton, Liberal Unionist.

The National Union of Teachers, on Monday, March 26, opened its twenty-fifth annual conference at Oxford, nearly a thousand delegates being present. The Vice-Chancellor of the University, Dr. Boyd, Principal of Hertford College, and the Mayor welcomed the conference to Oxford. The president, Mr. Ernest Gray, was installed, and delivered an inaugural address in which he urged the necessity for the establishment of District Boards of Education.

A report has been issued by the London School Board reviewing the work done by the joint committee of the Board, the City and Guilds of London Institute, and the Drapers' Company for the purpose of giving manual training to children attending elementary schools in London. Boys' classes are being conducted with most satisfactory results in wood-work and metal-work, while girls are instructed in laundry work and housewifery.

The Local Government Board has addressed a circular to the London Vestries and District Boards, drawing attention to the provisions of the new Local Government Act.

The Trustees of the British Museum propose a large extension of its buildings on the west side, purchasing land to the extent of five acres and a half, at a cost of £200,000, from the Duke of Bedford and the present lessees. Parliament will be asked to vote the money. The ground at present occupied by the Museum is about nine acres.

The discovery of petroleum at Ashwick, Somerset, has resulted in numerous reports of similar indications

throughout the district north of the Mendips, and these extend over a distance of nearly five miles.

The Emperor of Austria, on Wednesday, March 28, arrived at Abbazia, on the Adriatic, to meet the German Emperor there.

The new French Ministry of the Colonies has been established, and M. Boulanger, a member of the Senate, has been appointed to that office.

On Tuesday, March 27, the fifteenth session of the Institute of International Law was opened in Paris. Professor Renault was elected president. M. Spuller, Minister of Education, opened the proceedings in the name of the Government with an address, in which he reviewed the past work of the Institute, and expressed the opinion that it had effected real and definite progress on several important questions. Several addresses from the representatives of various French public bodies followed.

The negotiations between the delegates of the French shareholders in Portuguese railways and the representatives of the Portuguese Government have resulted in an agreement on the main points at issue.

Another Anarchist outrage was perpetrated late on Monday night, March 26, at Monceau-les-Mines, near Paris. A tin canister charged with mining powder and bits of iron was placed on the window-sill of a hall where there was a ball. An explosion took place, but there was no personal injury.

The funeral of Kossuth, at Turin, attended by 6000 Hungarians, is appointed for Sunday, April 1, when his body and those of his wife and daughter will be removed to

Government at Desterro, has resolved to continue the struggle against Marshal Peixoto. There are some accounts from the headquarters of the insurgent army in the State of Parana. That State is entirely in the hands of the insurgents, who have well-armed troops preparing for the invasion of Sao Paulo. No elections were held in the States of Parana, Santa Catharina, and Rio Grande, and the validity of the elections held in the rest of Brazil is disputed. The insurgent refugees from the naval squadron at Rio de Janeiro have arrived safely at Buenos Ayres on board the Portuguese ships of war.

A proclamation has been published at Cape Town by Sir H. Loch reciting the cession of their territory to the Queen by the Pondoland chiefs, accepting the cession, and declaring the sovereignty of the Queen over Pondoland. Five magistrates have been appointed for the administration of justice in the new territory.

Congo Free State news has reached Brussels that the fortified positions occupied by the Arab slave-hunting chief Rumlalza have been carried by a portion of the force under Baron Dhanis. The rout of the Arabs was complete.

The French Government has received a dispatch from Timbuctoo reporting that the construction of a fort there is progressing rapidly, that the natives are recovering confidence, and that supplies are coming in more freely.

The Indian finance Budget was discussed on March 27 at a special meeting of the Legislative Council at Calcutta. The Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal declared that it was no longer necessary to make provision every year for a crore and a half of rupees as a protection against famine. Lieutenant-General Brackenbury defended the Army estimates, and Mr. Westland declared that the Budget was not put forward as a thoroughly satisfactory solution of the difficulties the Government had to face, but as the best that could be framed in very difficult circumstances. He argued that no material reduction of expenditure was possible. The Viceroy briefly summed up the debate, describing the Budget as a transition one, and asserting that her Majesty's Government had the interests of India at heart.

A bronze bust of Sir George Birdwood has been unveiled at the Bombay University by Lord Harris, Governor of Bombay.

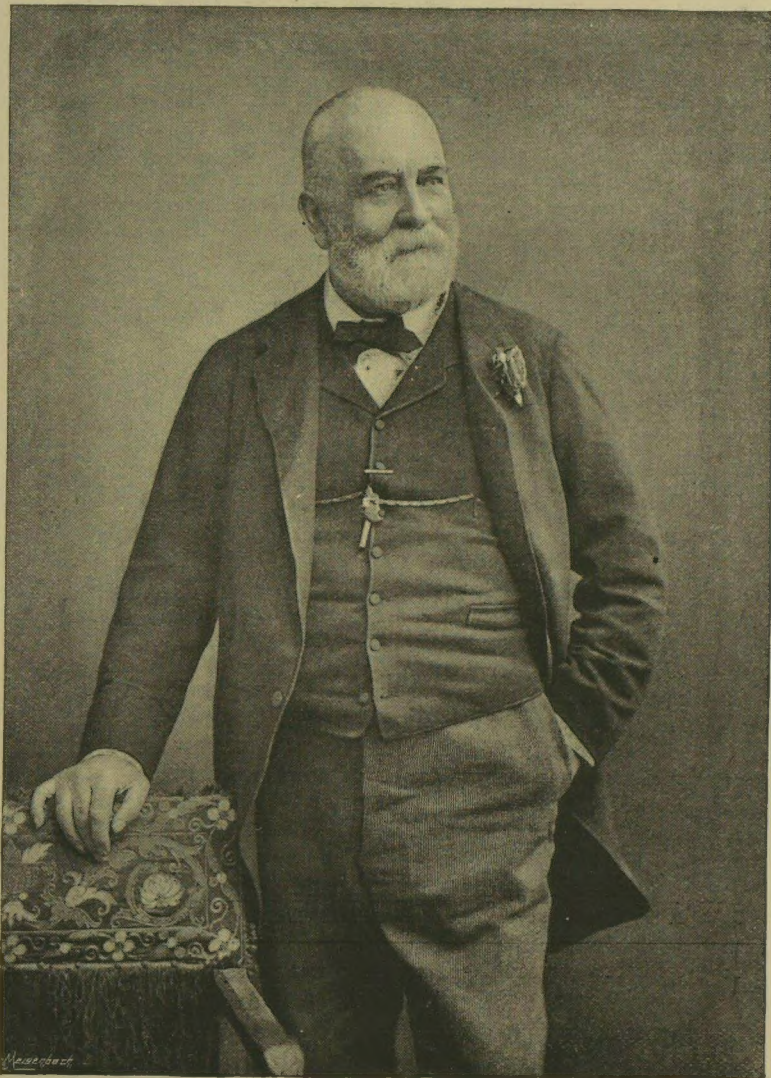
The Canadian Government Tariff Bill has been introduced in the Dominion House of Commons at Ottawa. It proposes considerable reductions of duty, principally on articles which are most largely imported from the mother country, and also proceeds on the principle of substituting *ad valorem* duties exclusively for mixed specific and *ad valorem* duties. The reductions are especially large on cotton and woollen goods.

The temporary monument to Kosciuszko was unveiled on Easter Sunday in Cracow, on the spot where the Polish hero took the oath just a hundred years ago. The definite monument will not be finished for some time. The commemorative festivities will extend to the hundredth anniversary of the battle of Racławice on April 4, when 4000 Poles, led by Kosciuszko, gained a victory over 6000 Russians.

At Barcelona, on March 15, a traction engine was crossing the San Andrés Road, when it came into collision with a steam tramcar full of people. Four passengers were killed and eight severely hurt.

## SIR PHILIP CUNLIFFE-OWEN.

The Science and Art Department—a good deal more Art than Science—of the Committee of her Majesty's Privy Council on Education, instituted forty years ago, under the auspices of the late Prince Consort, to carry on the movement started by the Great Exhibition of 1851, has had several able and diligent chief administrative servants. One was Sir Philip Cunliffe-Owen, whose death, on March 23, we announce with much regret. He was born in 1828, son of Captain Charles Cunliffe-Owen, R.N., by Mary, his wife, daughter of Sir Henry Blissett, Chief Justice of Bengal. He served five years as a midshipman in the Navy. In 1855 he was appointed one of the superintendents of the Paris Exhibition, and two years afterwards Deputy General Superintendent of the South Kensington Museum. He eventually became Director of the Museum, and held that office until 1893, when the Science and Art Museums were put under separate managements. Though not eminently learned in art-history or antiquities, he had an extensive knowledge and practical appreciation of the decorative application of art to manufactures, and he was a most energetic man of business. He acted as Director of the Foreign Section of the Exhibition of 1862, Assistant Executive Commissioner at the Paris Exhibition of 1867, Secretary of the British Commission at the Vienna Exhibition of 1873 under the chairmanship of the Prince of Wales, Commissioner at the Philadelphia Exhibition of 1876, and Secretary to the British Commission at the Paris Exhibition of 1878. In addition to this attendance at international exhibitions, he made use of the experience he had obtained in devising a series of special exhibitions in London, the Electrical of 1882, the Fisheries of 1883, the Health Exhibition of 1884, the Inventions and Musical Exhibition of 1885, and the Colonial and Indian of 1886, which may be considered the most instructive, and the last, perhaps, the most attractive, of all such collections ever produced in this country. It was in 1873 that he had been appointed director of the South Kensington and Bethnal Green Museums, on the retirement of Sir Henry Cole. He had already received the distinction of C.B. and C.I.E. for his services to India, besides a host of foreign orders and medals; in 1878 he became Sir Philip Cunliffe-Owen, K.C.M.G., and K.C.B. in 1886.



THE LATE SIR PHILIP CUNLIFFE-OWEN, K.C.B., K.C.M.G.

Buda-Pesth, and will be received there for final interment with a great public demonstration. The Hungarian Ministry having declined to take any part in it, as representing the Government, there have been vehement debates and some riotous disturbances in the city, led on by the University students, who attempted to hoist black flags on the public buildings. Serious collisions occurred between the military and the mob; forty persons were injured, and thirty-six arrests were made. The soldiers cleared the streets and patrolled them until a late hour. The Lower House of the Hungarian Legislature resolved to record the services of Kossuth in the Journals of the House, to dispatch a deputation to Turin, and to lay a wreath on the coffin.

The inquiry held by the Bulgarian authorities into the collision on the Serbo-Bulgarian frontier between a party of Bulgarian woodcutters and some Servian Customs officers has shown that the latter, who wounded five of the Bulgarian peasants, acted in accordance with formal orders from the chief of the Servian Customs station of Kundovics.

There has been a second disastrous dynamite explosion at Tanter, from accident or from carelessness, in the hull of the steamer Cabo Machichaco. Some men were completely blown to pieces, while others were fearfully mangled. Eighteen bodies have been identified, and the wounded number twenty-three.

Five persons were killed by an explosion at the Acme Dynamite Works, near Pittsburg, America, on March 22. It is estimated that ten thousand pounds of dynamite were in the works at the time, and the whole of it was destroyed.

The insurrection in Brazil has not ended. Admiral de Mello, who has been proclaimed head of the Provisional



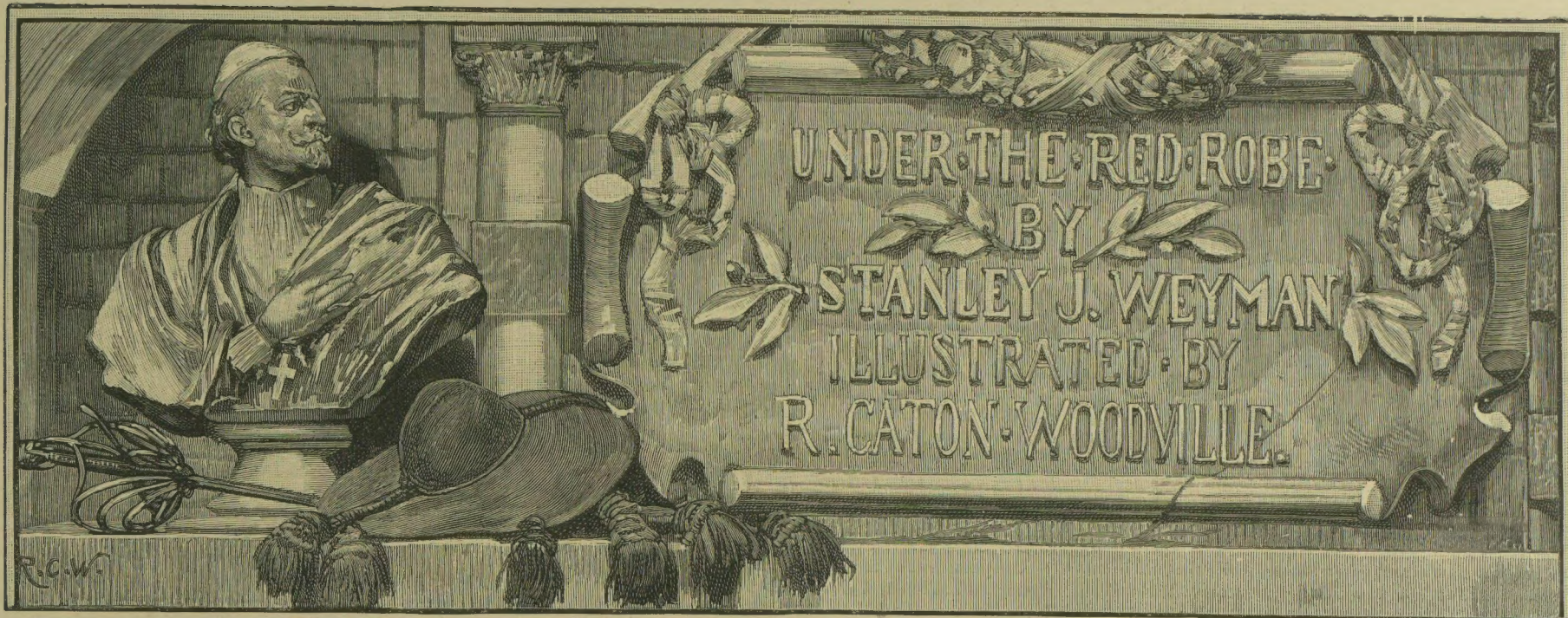
SCENES IN THE LIFE OF LOUIS KOSSUTH.



1. Kossuth proclaimed Governor of Hungary in the Streets of Buda-Pesth, 1849.

2. Kossuth a Prisoner at Kutahia, in Asia Minor, 1851.





## CHAPTER XIII.

## ST. MARTIN'S EVE.

It was late evening on the twenty-ninth of November, when I rode into Paris through the Orléans gate. The wind was in the north-east, and a great cloud of vapour hung in the eye of an angry sunset. The air seemed to be heavy with smoke, the kennels reeked, my gorge rose at the city's smell; and with all my heart I envied the man who had gone out of it by the same gate nearly two months before, with his face to the south and the prospect of riding day after day across heath and moor and pasture. At least he had had some weeks of life before him, and freedom and the open air, and hope and uncertainty. While I came back under doom; and in the pall of smoke that hung over the huddle of innumerable roofs saw a gloomy shadowing of my own fate.

For make no mistake. A man in middle life does not strip himself of the worldly habit with which experience has clothed him, does not run counter to all the hard saws and instances by which he has governed his course so long, without shiverings and doubts and horrible misgivings, and struggles of heart. At least a dozen times between the Loire and Paris I asked myself what honour was, and what good it could do me when I lay rotting and forgotten; if I were not a fool following a Jack o' Lantern; and whether, of all the men in the world, the relentless man to whom I was returning would not be the first to gibe at my folly.

However, shame kept me straight; shame and the memory of Mademoiselle's looks and words. I dared not be false to her again; I could not, after speaking so loftily, fall so low. And therefore—though not without many a secret struggle and quaking—I came, on this last evening but one of November, at the Orléans gate, and rode slowly and sadly through the streets by the Luxembourg, on my way to the Pont au Change.

The struggle had sapped my last strength, however; and with the first whiff of the gutters, the first rush of bare-footed gamins under my horse's hoofs, the first babel of street cries—the first breath, in a word, of Paris—there came a new temptation; to go for one last night to Zaton's, to see the tables again and the faces of surprise, to be for an hour or two the old Berault. That would be no breach of honour, for in any case, I could not reach the Cardinal before to-morrow. And it could do no harm. It could make no change in anything. It would not have been a thing worth struggling about, indeed, only—I had in my inmost heart a suspicion that the stoutest resolutions might lose their force in that atmosphere; and that there even such a talisman as the memory of a woman's looks and words might lose its virtue.

Still, I think I should have succumbed in the end, if I had not received at the corner of the Luxembourg a shock which sobered me effectually. As I passed the gates, a coach, followed by two outriders, swept out of the Palace courtyard; it was going at a great pace, and I reined my jaded horse on one side to give it room. By chance, as it whirled by me, one of the leather curtains flapped back, and I saw for a second by the waning light—the nearer wheels were no more than two feet from my boot—a face inside.

A face and no more, and that only for a second! But it froze me. It was Richelieu's, the Cardinal's; but not as I had been wont to see it—keen, cold, acute, with intellect and indomitable will in every feature. This face was distorted with the rage of impatience, with the fever of haste and the fear of death. The eyes burned under the pale brow, the moustache bristled, the teeth showed through the beard, and I could fancy the man crying "Faster! Faster!" and gnawing his nails in the impotence of passion; and I shrank back as if I had been struck. The next moment the outriders splashed me, the coach was a hundred paces ahead, and I was left chilled and wondering, foreseeing the worst and no longer in any mood for Zaton's. Such a revelation of such a man was enough to appal me. For a



"Because you have heard, Sir, that my power is gone!"



moment conscience cried out that he must have heard that Cocheforêt had escaped him, and through me! But I dismissed the idea as soon as formed. In the vast meshes of the Cardinal's schemes Cocheforêt could be only a small fish; and to account for the face in the coach I needed a cataclysm, a catastrophe, a misfortune as far above ordinary mishaps as this man's intellect rose above the common run of minds.

It was almost dark when I crossed the bridges, and crept despondently to the Rue Savonnerie. After stabling my horse I took my bag and holsters, and climbing the stairs to my old landlord's—I remember that the place seemed to have grown strangely mean and small and ill-smelling in my absence—I knocked at the door. It was promptly opened by the little tailor himself, who threw up his arms and opened his eyes at sight of me. "By Saint Geneviève!" he said. "If it is not M. de Berault!"

"It is," I said. It touched me a little, after my lonely journey, to find him so glad to see me; though I had never done him a greater benefit than sometimes to unbend with him and borrow his money. "You look surprised, little man!" I continued, as he made way for me to enter. "I'll be sworn you have been pawning my goods and letting my room, you knave!"

"Never, your Excellency!" he answered. "On the contrary, I have been expecting you."

"How?" I said. "To-day?"

"To-day or to-morrow," he answered, following me in and closing the door. "The first thing I said when I heard the news this morning was—now we shall have M. de Berault back again. Your Excellency will pardon the children," he continued, hobbling round me, as I took the old seat on the three-legged stool before the hearth. "The night is cold and there is no fire in your room."

While he ran to and fro with my cloak and bags, little Gil, to whom I had stood at St. Sulpice's—borrowing ten crowns the same day, I remember—came shyly to play with my sword-hilt. "So you expected me back when you heard the news, Frison, did you?" I said, taking the lad on my knee.

"To be sure, your Excellency," he answered, peeping into the black pot before he lifted it to the hook.

"Very good. Then now let us hear what the news is," I said drily.

"Of the Cardinal, M. de Berault."

"Ah! And what?"

He looked at me, holding the heavy pot suspended in his hands. "You have not heard?" he exclaimed in astonishment.

"Not a tittle. Tell it me, my good fellow."

"You have not heard that his Eminence is disgraced?"

I stared at him. "Not a word," I said.

He set down the pot. "Then your Excellency must have made a very long journey indeed," he said with conviction. "For it has been in the air a week or more, and I thought it had brought you back. A week? A month, I dare say. They whisper that it is the old Queen's doing. At any rate, it is certain that they have cancelled his commissions and displaced his officers. There are rumours of immediate peace with Spain. Everywhere his enemies are lifting up their heads; and I hear that he has relays of horses set all the way to the coast that he may fly at any moment. For what I know he may be gone already."

"But, man," I said, surprised out of my composure. "The King! You forget the King. Let the Cardinal once pipe to him and he will dance. And they will dance too!" I added grimly.

"Yes," Frison answered eagerly. "True, your Excellency, but the King will not see him. Three times to-day, as I am told, the Cardinal has driven to the Luxembourg and stood like any common man in the ante-chamber, so that I hear it was pitiful to see him. But his Majesty would not admit him. And when he went away the last time I am told that his face was like death! Well, he was a great man, and we may be worse ruled, M. de Berault, saving your presence. If the nobles did not like him he was good to the traders and the bourgeoisie, and equal to all."

"Silence, man! Silence, and let me think," I said, much excited. And while he bustled to and fro, getting my supper, and the firelight played about the snug, sorry little room, and the child toyed with his plaything, I felt to digesting this great news, and pondering how I stood now and what I ought to do. At first sight, I know, it seemed to me that I had nothing to do but to sit still. In a few hours the man who had taken my bond would be powerless, and I should be free; in a few hours I might smile at him. To all appearance the dice had fallen well with me. I had done a great thing, run a great risk, won a woman's love; and, after all, I was not to pay the penalty.

But a word which fell from Frison as he fluttered round me, pouring out the broth and cutting the bread, dropped into my mind and spoiled my satisfaction. "Yes, your Excellency," he said, confirming something he had stated before and which I had missed, "and I am told that the last time he came into the gallery there was not a man of all the scores who had been at his levée last Monday would speak to him. They fell off like rats—just like rats—until he was left standing all alone. And I have seen him!"—Frison lifted up his eyes and his hands and drew in his breath—"Ah! I have seen the King look shabby beside him! And his eye! I would not like to meet it now."

"Pish!" I growled. "Someone has fooled you. Men are wiser than that."

"So? Well, your Excellency understands," he answered meekly. "But—there are no cats on a cold hearth."

I told him again that he was a fool. But for all that, and my reasoning, I felt uncomfortable. This was a great man, if ever a great man lived, and they were all leaving him; and I—well, I had no cause to love him. But I had

taken his money, I had accepted his commission, and I had betrayed him. These three things being so, if he fell before I could, with the best will in the world, set myself right with him, so much the better for me. That was my gain—the fortune of war, the turn of the dice. But if I lay hid, and took time for my ally, and being here while he still stood, though tottering, waited until he fell, what of my honour then? What of the grand words I had said to Mademoiselle at Agen! I should be like the recreant in the old romance, who, lying in the ditch while the battle raged, came out afterwards and boasted of his courage.

And yet the flesh was weak. A day, twenty-four hours, two days, might make the difference between life and death, love and death. At last I settled what I would do. At noon the next day, the time at which I should have presented myself if I had not heard this news, at that time I would still present myself. Not earlier; I owed myself the chance. Not later; that was due to him.

Having so settled it, I thought to rest in peace. But with the first light I was awake, and it was all I could do to keep myself quiet until I heard Frison stirring. I called to him then to know if there was any news, and lay waiting and listening while he went down to the street to learn. It seemed an endless time before he came back; an age, when he came back, before he spoke.

"Well, he has not set off?" I cried at last, unable to control my eagerness.

Of course he had not; and at nine o'clock I sent Frison out again; and at ten and eleven—always with the same result. I was like a man waiting and looking and, above all, listening for a reprieve; and as sick as any craven. But when he came back at eleven, I gave up hope and dressed myself carefully. I suppose I had an odd look then, however; for Frison stopped me at the door, and asked me, with evident alarm, where I was going.

I put the little man aside gently. "To the tables," I said. "To make a big throw, my friend."

It was a fine morning, sunny, keen, pleasant, when I went out into the street. But I scarcely noticed it. All my thoughts were where I was going. It seemed but a step from my threshold to the Hôtel Richelieu; I was no sooner gone from the one than I found myself at the other. Now, as on a memorable evening, when I had crossed the street in a drizzling rain, and looked that way with foreboding, there were two or three guards in the Cardinal's livery loitering in front of the great gates. Coming nearer, I found the opposite pavement under the Louvre thronged with people, not moving about their business, but standing all silent, all looking across furtively, all with the air of persons who wished to be thought passing by. Their silence and their keen looks had in some way an air of menace. Looking back after I had turned in towards the gates, I found them devouring me with their eyes.

Certainly they had little else to look at. In the courtyard where, some mornings, when the Court was in Paris, I had seen a score of coaches waiting and thrice as many servants, were now emptiness and sunshine and stillness. The officer on guard, twirling his moustaches, looked at me in wonder as I passed him; the lackeys lounging in the portico, and all too much taken up with whispering to make a pretence of being of service, grinned at my appearance. But that which happened when I had mounted the stairs and came to the door of the ante-chamber outdid all. The man on guard would have opened the door, but when I went to enter, a major-domo who was standing hard by, muttering with two or three of his kind, hastened forward and stopped me.

"Your business, Monsieur, if you please?" he said inquisitively; while I wondered why he and the others looked at me so strangely.

"I am M. de Berault," I answered sharply. "I have the entrée."

He bowed politely enough. "Yes, M. de Berault, I have the honour to know your face," he said. "But—pardon me. Have you business with his Eminence?"

"I have the common business," I answered bluntly. "By which many of us live, sirrah! To wait on him."

"But—by appointment, Monsieur?"

"No," I said, astonished. "It is the usual hour. For the matter of that, however, I have business with him."

The man still looked at me for a moment in apparent embarrassment. Then he stood aside, and signed to the door-keeper to open the door. I passed in, uncovering; with an assured face, ready to meet all eyes. Then in a moment, on the threshold, the mystery was explained.

The room was empty.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### ST. MARTIN'S SUMMER.

At the great Cardinal's levée I was the only client! I stared round the room, a long narrow gallery, through which it was his custom to walk every morning, after receiving his more important visitors. I stared, I say, from side to side, in a state of stupefaction. The seats against either wall were empty, the recesses of the windows empty too. The hat sculptured and painted here and there, the staring R, the blazoned arms looked down on a vacant floor. Only, on a little stool by the farther door, sat a quiet-faced man in black, who read, or pretended to read, in a little book, and never looked up. One of those men, blind, deaf, secretive, who fatten in the shadow of the great.

Suddenly, while I stood confounded and full of shamed thought—for I had seen the ante-chamber of Richelieu's old hotel so crowded that he could not walk through it—this man closed his book, rose, and came noiselessly towards me. "M. de Berault?" he said.

"Yes," I answered.

"His Eminence awaits you. Be good enough to follow me."

I did so, in a deeper stupor than before. For how could the Cardinal know that I was here? How could he have known when he gave the order? But I had short time to think of these things. We passed through two rooms, in one of which some secretaries were writing, we stopped at a third door. Over all brooded a silence which could be felt. The usher knocked, opened, and, with his finger on his lip, pushed aside a curtain and signed to me to enter. I did so and found myself behind a screen.

"Is that M. de Berault?" asked a thin, high-pitched voice.

"Yes, Monseigneur," I answered trembling.

"Then come, my friend, and talk to me."

I went round the screen, and I know not how it was, the watching crowd outside, the vacant ante-chamber in which I had stood, the stillness and silence of all, seemed to be concentrated here, and to give to the man I saw before me a dignity which he had never possessed for me when the world passed through his doors and the proudest fawned on him for a smile. He sat in a great chair on the farther side of the hearth, a little red skull-cap on his head, his fine hands lying still in his lap. The collar of lawn which fell over his red cape was quite plain, but the skirts of his red robe were covered with rich lace, and the Order of the Holy Ghost, a white dove on a gold cross, shone on his breast. Among the multitudinous papers on the great table near him I saw a sword and pistols; and some tapestry that covered a little table behind him failed to hide a pair of spurred riding-boots. But he looked towards me as I advanced with the utmost composure; with a face mild and almost benign, in which I strove in vain to read the traces of last night's passion. So that it flashed across me that if this man really stood—and afterwards I knew he did—on the thin razor-edge between life and death, between the supreme of earthly power, lord of France and arbiter of Europe, and the nothingness of the clod, he justified his fame. He gave weaker natures no room for triumph.

The thought was no sooner entertained than it was gone.

"And so you are back at last, M. de Berault," he said gently. "I have been expecting to see you since nine this morning."

"Your Eminence knew, then—" I muttered.

"That you returned to Paris by the Orléans gate, last evening, alone?" he answered, fitting together the ends of his fingers, and looking at me over them with inscrutable eyes. "Yes, I knew all that last night. And now, of your business. You have been faithful and diligent, I am sure. Where is he?"

I stared at him and was dumb. In some way the strange things I had seen since I had left my lodgings, the surprises I had found awaiting me here, had driven my own fortunes, my own peril, out of my head—until this moment. Now, at his question, all returned with a rush, and I remembered where I stood. My heart heaved suddenly in my breast. I strove for a savour of the old hardihood, but for the moment I could not find a word.

"Well," he said lightly, a faint smile lifting his moustache. "You do not speak. You left Auch with him on the twenty-fourth, M. de Berault. So much I know. And you reached Paris without him last night. He has not given you the slip?"

"No, Monseigneur," I muttered.

"Ha! that is good," he answered, sinking back again in his chair. "For the moment—but I knew that I could depend on you. And now where is he? What have you done with him? He knows much, and the sooner I know it the better. Are your people bringing him, M. Berault?"

"No, Monseigneur," I stammered with dry lips. His very good-humour, his benignity, appalled me. I knew how terrible would be the change, how fearful his rage, when I should tell him the truth. And yet that I, Gil de Berault, should tremble before any man! With that thought I spurred myself, as it were, to the task. "No, your Eminence," I said with the energy of despair. "I have not brought him, because I have set him free."

"Because you have—what?" he exclaimed. He leaned forward, his hands on the arm of his chair; and his eyes, growing each instant smaller, seemed to read my soul.

"Because I have let him go," I repeated.

"And why?" he said in a voice like the rasping of a file.

"Because I took him unfairly," I answered. "Because, Monseigneur, I am a gentleman, and this task should have been given to one who was not. I took him, if you must know," I continued impatiently—the fence once crossed I was growing bolder—"by dogging a woman's steps and winning her confidence and betraying it. And whatever I have done ill in my life—of which you were good enough to throw something in my teeth when I was last here—I have never done that, and I will not!"

"And so you set him free?"

"Yes."

"After you had brought him to Auch?"

"Yes."

"And, in point of fact, saved him from falling into the hands of the Commandant at Auch."

"Yes," I answered desperately—to all.

"Then, what of the trust I placed in you, Sirrah?" he rejoined in a terrible voice; and stooping still farther forward he probed me with his eyes. "You who prate of trust and confidence, who received your life on parole, and but for your promise to me would have been carrion this month past, answer me that? What of the trust I placed in you?"

"The answer is simple," I said, shrugging my shoulders with a touch of my old self. "I am here to pay the penalty."

"And do you think that I do not know why?" he retorted, striking one hand on the arm of his chair with a force that



startled me. "Because you have heard, Sir, that my power is gone! Because you have heard that I, who was yesterday the King's right hand, am to-day dried up, withered, and paralysed! Because you have heard—but have a care! have a care!" he continued with extraordinary vehemence and in a voice like a dog's snarl. "You and those others! Have a care, I say, or you may find yourselves mistaken yet!"

"As Heaven shall judge me," I answered solemnly, "that is not true. Until I reached Paris last night I knew nothing of this report. I came here with a single mind, to redeem my honour by placing again in your Eminence's hands that which you gave me on trust. And here I do place it!"

For a moment he remained in the same attitude, staring at me fixedly. Then his face relaxed somewhat. "Be good enough to ring the bell," he said.

It stood on a table near me. I rang it, and a velvet-footed man in black came in, and gliding up to the Cardinal, placed a paper in his hand. The Cardinal looked at it; while the man stood with his head obsequiously bent, and my heart beat furiously.

"Very good," his Eminence said, after a pause which seemed to me to be endless. "Let the doors be thrown open."

The man bowed low, and retired behind the screen. I heard a little bell ring somewhere in the silence, and in a moment the Cardinal stood up. "Follow me!" he said, with a strange flash of his keen eyes.

Astonished, I stood aside while he passed to the screen; then I followed him. Outside the first door, which stood open, we found eight or nine persons—pages, a monk, the major-domo, and several guards waiting like mutes. These signed to me to precede them and fell in behind us, and in that order we passed through the first room and the second, where the clerks stood with bent heads to receive us. The first door, the door of the ante-chamber, flew open as we approached, voices cried, "Room! Room for his Eminence!" we passed through two lines of bowing lackeys, and entered—an empty room!

The ushers did not know how to look at one another; the lackeys trembled in their shoes. But the Cardinal walked on, apparently unmoved, until he had passed slowly half the length of the chamber. There he turned himself about, looking first to one side and then to the other, with a low laugh of derision. "Father," he said in his thin voice, "what does the psalmist say? 'I am become like a pelican in the wilderness and like an owl that is in the desert!'"

The monk mumbled assent.

"And later in the same psalm, is it not written, 'They shall perish, but thou shalt endure!'"

"It is so," the father answered. "Amen!"

"Doubtless, though, that refers to another life," the Cardinal said, with his slow wintry smile. "In the meantime we will go back to our books, and serve God and the King in small things if not in great. Come, father, this is no longer a place for us. *Vanitas vanitatum—omnia vanitas!* We will retire!"

And as solemnly as we had come we marched back through the first and second and third doors until we stood again in the silence of the Cardinal's chamber—he and I and the velvet-footed man in black. For a while Richelieu seemed to forget me. He stood brooding on the hearth, his eyes on a small fire which burned there, though the weather was warm. Once I heard him laugh, and twice he uttered in a tone of bitter mockery the words: "Fools! Fools! Fools!"

At last he looked up, saw me, and started. "Ah!" he said, "I had forgotten you. Well, you are fortunate, M. de Berault. Yesterday I had a hundred clients; to-day I have only one, and I cannot afford to hang him. But for your liberty—that is another matter."

I would have said something, pleaded something, but he turned abruptly to the table and, sitting down, wrote a few lines on a piece of paper. Then he rang his bell, while I stood waiting and confounded.

The man in black came from behind the screen. "Take this letter and that gentleman to the upper guard-room," the Cardinal said sharply. "I can hear no more," he continued, frowning, and raising his hand to forbid interruption. "The matter is ended, M. de Berault. Be thankful."

And in a moment I was outside the door, my head in a whirl, my heart divided between gratitude and resentment. Instinctively obeying a gesture, I followed my guide along several passages, and everywhere found the same silence, the same monastic stillness. At length, while I was dolefully considering whether the Bastille or the Châtelet would be my fate, he stopped at a door, gave me the letter, and lifting the latch, signed to me to enter.

I went in in amazement, and stopped in confusion. Before me, alone, just risen from a chair, with her face one moment pale, the next crimson with blushes, stood Mademoiselle de Cocheforêt. I cried out her name.

"M. de Berault!" she said, trembling. "You did not expect to see me?"

"I expected to see no one so little, Mademoiselle," I answered, striving to recover my composure.

"Yet you might have thought that we should not utterly desert you," she replied, with a reproachful humility which went to my heart. "We should have been base indeed, if we had not made some attempt to save you. And I thank Heaven, M. de Berault, that it has so far succeeded that that strange man has promised me your life. You have seen him?" she

continued eagerly and in another tone: while her eyes grew on a sudden large with fear.

"Yes, Mademoiselle," I said. "I have seen him, and it is true. He has given me my life."

"And?"

"And sent me to imprisonment."

"For how long?" she whispered.

"I do not know," I answered. "I expect during the King's pleasure."

She shuddered. "I may have done more harm than good," she murmured, looking at me piteously. "But I did it for the best. I told him all, and—perhaps I did harm."

But to hear her accuse herself thus, when she had made this long and lonely journey to save me, when she had forced herself into her enemy's presence, and had, as I was sure she had, abased herself for me, was more than I could bear. "Hush, Mademoiselle, hush!" I said almost roughly. "You hurt me. You have made me happy, very happy; and yet I wish that you were not here, where, I fear, you have few friends, but back at Cocheforêt. You have done more for me than I expected, and a hundred times more than I deserved. But it must end here. I was a ruined man before this happened, before I ever saw you. I am no worse now, but I am still that; and I would not have your name pinned to mine on Paris lips. Therefore, good-bye! God forbid I should say more to you, or let you stay where foul tongues would soon malign you!"

She looked at me in a kind of wonder; then, with a growing smile, "It is too late," she said gently.

"Too late?" I exclaimed. "How, Mademoiselle?"

"Because—do you remember, M. de Berault, what you told me of your love-story under the guide-post by Agen? That it could have no happy ending? For the same reason I was not ashamed to tell mine to the Cardinal. By this time it is common property."

I looked at her as she stood facing me. Her eyes shone, though the lashes fell over them. Her figure drooped, and

yet a smile trembled on her lips. "What did you tell him, Mademoiselle?" I whispered, my breath coming quickly.

"That I loved," she answered boldly, raising her clear eyes to mine. "And therefore that I was not ashamed to beg—even on my knees."

I fell on mine, and caught her hand before the last word passed her lips. For the moment I forgot King and Cardinal, prison and the future, all; all except that this woman, so pure and so beautiful, so far above me in all things, loved me. For the moment, I say. Then I remembered myself. I stood up, and stood back from her in a sudden revulsion of feeling. "You do not know me!" I cried. "You do not know what I have done!"

"That is what I do know!" she answered, looking at me with a wondrous smile.

"Ah! but you do not!" I cried. "And besides, there is this—this between us!" And I picked up the Cardinal's letter. It had fallen on the floor.

She turned a shade paler. Then she cried quickly, "Open it! open it! It is not sealed nor closed."

I obeyed mechanically, dreading with a horrible dread what I might see. Even when I had it open I looked at the finely scrawled characters with eyes askance. But at last I made it out. And it ran thus:—

*The King's pleasure is that M. Gil de Berault, having mixed himself up with affairs of state, retire forthwith to the demesne of Cocheforêt, and confine himself within its limits until the King's pleasure be further known.*

RICHELIEU.

We were married next day, and a fortnight later were at Cocheforêt, in the brown woods under the southern mountains; while the great Cardinal, once more triumphant over his enemies, saw with cold, smiling eyes the world pass through his chamber. The flood-tide of his prosperity lasted thirteen years, and ceased only with his death. For the world had learned its lesson. To this hour they call that day, which saw me stand alone for all his friends, "The Day of Dupes."



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## LOUIS KOSSUTH.

BY CHARLES LOWE.

"What! only just died? I thought he had done so long ago!" Such will be the exclamation of many who now hear that Louis Kossuth, the great Hungarian patriot and statesman, who once bulked so hugely on the canvas of contemporary events, has now at last gone to his well-earned rest. In a hurrying and quick-forgetting age like the present, those who quit the stage of public action are treated as if they had altogether departed this life, and the news of their actual decease sounds like the announcement of a resurrection from the tomb. For more than a quarter of a century Kossuth has been little else but the inmate of a living grave—a grave in which he chose to immure himself with the bitter remnants of a blasted ambition and unfulfilled aims. The grand object of his life had been to emancipate his native country—Hungary—from the yoke of the Hapsburgs: to achieve, in fact, absolute Home Rule for the Magyars. But even when the Hungarians, in 1867, at last received a measure of independence and self-government which was satisfactory enough to themselves, their contentment was not shared by the man who had done more, perhaps, than any other to bring about the Dual Monarchy; and, like the Young Pretender, when disappointed in all his dearest hopes, he retired to Italy—not to become a degraded sot like Charles Edward, but to seek consolation in the study of science for the failure of his political hopes.

But if, in respect of his exile, Kossuth somewhat resembled Charles Stuart, he bore a much more striking analogy in his origin and his aims to Charles Stewart Parnell. For as the champion of Home Rule for Ireland was of English descent, and Saxon in all his characteristics, so the protagonist of Hungarian independence was not of Magyar but of Slovak blood. The original name of the family seems to have been "Kohuth" (Cock), and this in time was Magyarised into Kossuth. The fact, if fact it be, is interesting as showing the tendency of alien elements to rise to predominance among any race in virtue of their power, as Mr. Froude puts it when writing of Disraeli, of looking at that race from the outside. Was Cromwell not a Welsh Celt among the Saxons, and Napoleon of Italian extraction? Kossuth's family was of the class of poor and petty nobles, and he was born, two years after the century began, at a "wretched village" (name variously given) in the county of Zemplin, a district, curiously enough, which has at all times been either the cradle or the scene of the greatest Hungarian revolutions. At the age of twenty-six, having meanwhile qualified himself for the legal career and acted as "factor," or agent, for Countess Szápary, he had managed to procure a seat, in the magnate interest, in the National Diet at Presburg—a Parliament of which the character may be inferred from the fact that it was penal to publish its debates. But that suited not at all the humour of young Kossuth. The interdict applied to "printed" reports; so Kossuth, in order to evade the letter of the law, commenced the circulation of "written" ones. These inflamed the people as much as they alarmed the Government, which endeavoured to silence their author by gentle means. But Kossuth was equally proof against cajolery and coercion. At last he was thrown into a dungeon of the Castle of Buda, and, after a mock trial for high treason, sentenced to three years' imprisonment. During this time he had one great source of consolation, apart from his fiery hopes of the future, and that was Shakspeare, from the constant study of whom he drew that marvellous knowledge of the English language (as Marlborough had derived from the same source all his acquaintance with English history) which was to serve him so well in the after years of his exile, when seeking to stir up Anglo-Saxon audiences to sympathetic rage about the wrongs of his native country. There is nothing like a prison for steeling a man to implacable hostility towards his oppressors; and the dungeons of Buda did for Hungary what the cells of Kilmainham have partially done for Ireland.

Pardoned, on the strength of repeated representations from the Diet, after he had absolved about two years of his imprisonment, Kossuth emerged from his dungeon only to resume his work as National Liberator, and this he did by founding and editing a positive newspaper (the *Pesti Hirlap*—i.e., "Pesth Journal"), which may be said to have created the political Press of Hungary. "It disseminated new ideas among the masses," wrote Professor Vambéry, the countryman of Kossuth, "stirred up the indifferent to feel an interest in the affairs of the country, and gave a purpose to the national aspirations. The wealth of the [democratic] ideas thus daily communicated to the country appeared in the most attractive garb, for Kossuth possessed a masterly style, and his leaders and shorter articles showed off to advantage so many unexpected beauties of the Hungarian language that his readers were fairly enchanted and carried away by them." Six years of this fearless indoctrination of democratic ideas had the due effect, and in 1847 Kossuth was returned to the Diet, together with Count Louis Batthyányi, as deputy for Pesth itself. In his first speech he had thundered against "official despotism and bayonets" as a wretched means of binding Hungary to the Austrian crown, and a few days later he actually went to Vienna to urge the claims of his suffering country on the Emperor. But it was only next year (1848), when audacious Revolution raised its head all over Europe, including Vienna, and when Metternich—or Mitternacht,

as the Germans called him—quailed and fled before its threatening look, that the claims of Hungary were at last allowed. The Diet at Presburg passed some sweeping reforms, and Kossuth again hurried to Vienna to press their acceptance on the Emperor. A contemporary writer "saw the Hungarian Demosthenes in the open street with a wreath of fresh laurels on his head, and binding the crowd around him with the golden chains of his oratory." In stirring up his countrymen to a sense of their wrongs and a passion for their liberties, Kossuth had enjoyed the powerful co-operation of Jókai the novelist, and Petöfi, the Tyrtæus of his nation—two young men in the opening bloom of their intellectual force; and at Vienna it was seen that the growing conflagration resulting from these fires could only be quenched by timely concession. Accordingly, the Constitution which had been drafted by the Hungarian Diet received the imperial assent, and was proclaimed amid the wildest enthusiasm at Pesth on April 11. Kossuth himself became Minister of Finance, while his compatriot and fellow-agitator, Deák, received the portfolio of Justice.

This was the climax; but now there had to come the inevitable anti-climax. The transition from despotism to democracy had been much too sudden, and produced an effect upon the Hungarians similar to that which must needs be felt by a man if all at once transported from the snows of Iceland to the suns of Africa. A violent political fever was the result, and the Court of Vienna did all it could to intensify its fires. The Croats, whose province formed a geographical part of Hungary, flew to arms; while the Serbs and Wallachs, equally distrustful of the new order of things under their Magyar masters, began to slay and plunder. Hungary, in fact, soon fell into a "Kilkenny-cat" state of civil war, which was viewed at Vienna with malicious joy. It being the first and highest duty of any Government to maintain law and order within its territory, it behoved the new régime at Pesth to create a national army for this purpose; and Kossuth, who had now become virtual ruler or dictator of the country, begged the Diet for money to equip and maintain a force of 200,000 men. A deep silence ensued. At last Paul Nyáry, leader of the Opposition, rose, and, with his right arm raised to heaven, exclaimed: "We grant it!" And presently all the deputies started up with a simultaneous echo of the cry. "You have risen like one man," said Kossuth, with tears in his eyes, "and I bow down before the greatness of the nation."

The Croats, under their Ban Jellalich, had invaded Hungary, in the name of the Imperial Government, but they were soon defeated by the young and brave Magyar army, which then actually turned its steps towards Vienna in order to succour the revolutionists in that capital. And now the doom of newborn Hungary was sealed. Yet its freshly raised levies fought for a time with a stubborn valour which commanded the sympathy of all the liberty-loving nations of the earth, with England at their head. The gallant Hungarians have been called the "English of the East" and assuredly there are no two nations which so closely resemble one another in their love of freedom and their love of field sports, especially those where "noble horsemanship" comes in. But, surrounded as they were on every side with assailants, the final odds were against them. Kossuth himself behaved like the Gambetta of a later day, and stumped the country, stamping armies, so to speak, out of the very ground, that were to be led to repeated victory by Görgei, the Commander-in-Chief, and such distinguished Generals as Klapka, Damjanics, and Bem—names once of dazzling lustre in all the gazettes. Triumph attended on the banners of the Hungarians, till at last only two fortresses—Buda and Temesvár—were in the hands of the Austrians. At this stage a wise diplomacy might have secured honourable terms for the Magyars; but Kossuth, who swayed the Hungarian Parliament, sitting at Debreczen, turned a deaf ear to such suggestions, holding that the Hapsburg dynasty had forfeited all right to the Hungarian throne by bringing upon the country the calamities of such a war. And this want of moderation cost him and his country dear. The Hungarians once more crowned themselves with glory by the assault and capture of Buda, that no less picturesque than impregnable-looking fortress on the rolling Danube. But now their happy star waned and set; for by this time, one deep of despotism having called unto another, a Russian army of 200,000 men poured down into Hungary and, linking hands with an Austrian host, surrounded the exhausted warrior-patriots of Görgei, and inflicted upon them a Sedan (Világos, Aug. 13, 1849).

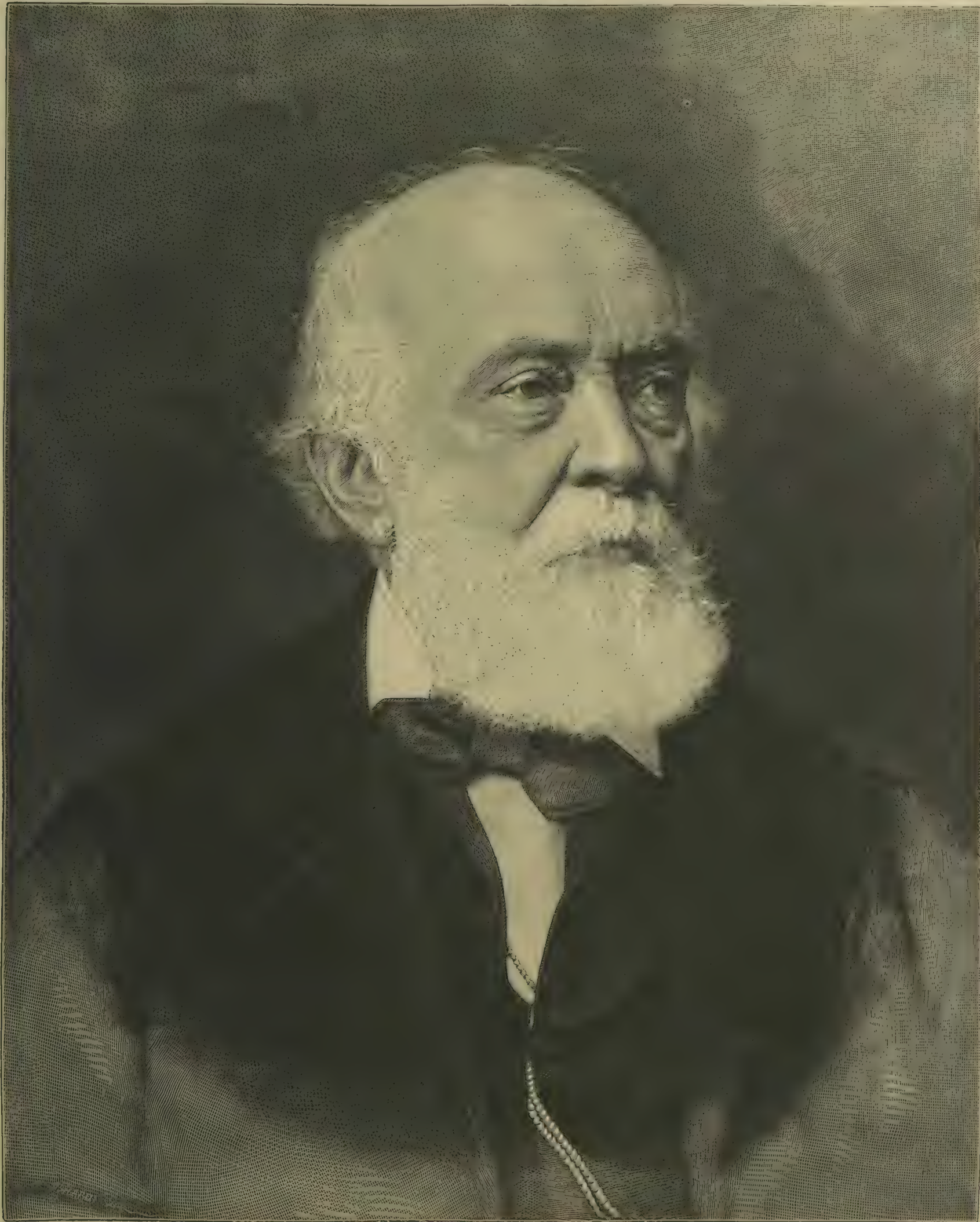
This, with the ensuing capitulation of Komárom, the largest fortress in the country, which had been so bravely held by General Klapka, was the end, for the present, of Hungary, which was now subjected to a series of bloody retaliations and atrocities such as drew the bitter "tears of Scotland" after Culloden; and Baron Haynau was the "butcher Cumberland" of the Magyars—Baron Haynau, who, to the delight of all humane hearts, received so sound a belabouring from the brewery workmen of Barclay and Perkins when he subsequently visited England and made the round of all our most characteristic sights. As for Kossuth himself, he certainly would have been shot had he been captured; but, after Világos, he was quick to flee to Turkey. "Before I stepped across the frontier," he wrote, "I lay down on the soil of my native land; I pressed upon it a sobbing kiss of filial love; I took a handful of earth; one step, and I was like the hull of a wrecked ship thrown

up by the storm on a desert shore. A Turkish staff officer greeted me courteously, in the name of 'Allah' . . . and asked for my sword, as if ashamed that a Turk" (being of the same ethnic origin) "should disarm a Hungarian. I unbuckled it and gave it to him without uttering a word. My eyes filled with tears, and he, wishing me a sound rest, left me alone with my sorrow. . . . Could Adam rest when the gates of Eden were closed behind him—behind him who was driven out because he had eaten of the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil? . . . I had raised my hand for the defence of the good against the evil, which latter was victorious, and I was driven from my home—my Eden." Nor did he ever see that home or enter that beloved Eden of his again. Austria, backed by Russia, and threatening war in case of refusal, demanded the extradition of the exiles; but the Sultan, acting on the advice of France and England, humanely and courageously declined to deliver up the fugitives, whom, for greater safety, he sent to Kutahia, in Asia Minor. There Kossuth remained till August 1851, when he started for England, but was refused permission to travel through France.

After a short stay in England, where he was most hospitably received, he sailed for the United States, of which he made the tour, agitating for Hungarian liberty. "At Boston," he wrote, "I stepped on the grand staircase which leads up to the superb building of the Capitol, in the open portico of which stood, bareheaded, the Senators and deputies of the State of Massachusetts, with their Presidents and the Governors of the State at their head, in order to pay the tribute of esteem and brotherly sympathy—in my person—to the Hungarian nation, which had succumbed under the weight of the violated law of nations. . . . The Governor of that free, cultivated, happy, model State took me by the hand, and, pointing in the face of God's free heaven to a quotation from one of my own speeches ('There is a community in the destinies of humanity') which had been inscribed on a triumphal arch in front of the building, asked me to tell my nation to trust in that sacred truth, and to be assured that the powerful Republic of the United States would act towards her in accordance with that sacred truth. And this assurance was re-echoed by the acclamations, which reverberated through the heavens, of hundreds of thousands of people who had gathered together for the occasion." All very fine, but all very platonic; and the same remark applies to the enthusiasm which Kossuth succeeded in arousing for the cause of his native country in England, where he now lived for several years, writing for the Press, speechifying, agitating, intriguing without end. The Crimean War gave him and his fellow-exiles an opportunity of hatching international schemes of hostility towards Austria; but a much better one occurred in 1859, when that Power was attacked by France and Italy. Now was the time for action, thought Kossuth; and, travelling as "Mr. George Brown," he went over to Paris and had a midnight interview, of the conspirator kind, with Napoleon, who promised, on certain conditions, to strike a blow for Hungarian independence, Kossuth himself undertaking—such his inordinate self-conceit!—to secure the neutrality of England. He hastened to Genoa, only to find that he had been duped by the development of events, and that Hungarian independence seemed to be as far off as ever—all which he has bitterly set down in his "Memories of My Exile." In 1866, when Prussia went to war with Austria, Kossuth and his exiled compatriots once more cast about to facilitate the collapse of the Hapsburg power. But here, again, events outran his purposes, and in the following year he had the intense mortification to witness the establishment of the present Dual Monarchy of Austria-Hungary, under conditions which practically yielded to the Magyars all that they had fought and bled for in 1849.

I say "mortification," for Hungarian Home Rule had been achieved, not by force of arms, as Kossuth himself wished, but by means of compromise and mutual concessions, those potent factors in nineteenth-century politics. From being the Demosthenes which he once was, the hero of the Hungarian nation now degenerated into something very like a Diogenes. He retired to Italy, refusing to be convinced or comforted. His countrymen were all wrong in accepting the principle of the Dual Monarchy, and he alone was right in repudiating it. "To me," he wrote in 1879, "the old wanderer who has arrived at the verge of his grave, who has no hope in the future, and in whose past there is no consolation, the conviction of my heart says that, as I was once right in the controversy with the enemies of my country, so I am again, now, in differing in opinion from my own nation. I am right. The Judge of the World will decide." It was very woful, all this! Hungarian independence was a sham because it had been freely granted by the magnanimous Francis Joseph, and not achieved by the peculiar methods of Kossuth; and back to his sackcloth and ashes rushed the ex-Dictator of Hungary, who by and by positively ceased to be a Hungarian. For the Parliament of Pesth passed a law whereby a born Hungarian residing, without permission, for ten years abroad lost his citizen qualification unless he returned home to become a member of a community or presented himself at an Austro-Hungarian Consulate. Kossuth would do neither, so that he and his children—in his own words—became "the pariahs of the world." But, for all that, his earlier struggles had done more than anything else to found the modern liberties of that nation of which he himself was thus no longer a member; and "his countrymen"—to quote the words of one of them—"while refusing any longer to acknowledge his political theories, will for ever cherish in him the great genius who gave liberty to millions of oppressed peasantry, and who indelibly inscribed on the pages of the national legislation the immortal principles of freedom and equality of rights."





BORN SEPT. 16, 1802.

DIED MARCH 20, 1894.

*Kossuth Lajos*

LOUIS KOSSUTH.



## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

The difficulties which attend the preservation of eggs form a source of trial to many a housewife. The egg-shell is porous, of course, otherwise the developing chick could not obtain the air necessary for carrying on its breathing processes; and this porosity of the shell is responsible for the going to the bad of the egg when it is enlisted as an article of commercial and household use in place of being allowed to be incubated. Lately an enthusiastic scientist has actually been enabled to classify the badness of eggs under two heads as regards its causation. An egg which has "gone off" may be either a repository of the very characteristic gas known as sulphuretted hydrogen, the odour of which is indelibly associated with eggs that have "perished" (in a scientific sense); or it may develop quite another kind of putrefactive product, in which the characteristic smell just alluded to is replaced by a yet more disagreeable odour. Science has traced the differences in egg-decomposition, as usual, to variations in the germs which attack the egg-substance. The microbes find their way through the porous shell into a rich harvest and a fertile feeding-ground within. Both groups of germs require air for their development, one producing the sulphuretted hydrogen form of decay (there is a large quantity of sulphur in the egg), and the other developing a different set of features connected with decomposition. The practical end of the matter, from a housewife's point of view, is that eggs must be kept dry. Damp favours the easy entrance of the microbes. The eggs, it is recommended, should be heated up to 50 deg. Cent. for a day or longer, and then kept dry, or coated with some impermeable varnish or other substance.

I am glad to see that some stir is being made in the matter of the spread of ophthalmia among school-children, and that attention to the eyes of new-born infants is also being made a matter of popular instruction among nurses and mothers. The amount of blindness which results from inattention to the eyes of infants is appalling, and much may be done in the way of prevention by the observation of a few simple rules such as it is (or should be) the province of every nurse and mother to know and to act upon. This is not the place to detail such knowledge, but it is the province of science, as here represented, to make public protest against the ignorance which condemns many a poor helpless infant to a life of blindness.

Ophthalmia, or eye inflammation, was once quite common in the army, and was responsible for much invaliding. It is a contagious disease, and spreads from those who are ailing to those who are well, but susceptible of attack. Bad ventilation, insanitary houses, overcrowding, and a lowered vitality are the chief conditions represented in the causation of this eye trouble: so that we are not surprised to find that improved army sanitation has largely caused the disappearance of the ailment in our barracks. Ophthalmia is still a scourge of schools, however: of the public schools of city populations where the children are not of highly robust type, and where there is overcrowding, or where other insanitary conditions prevail. One curious point is that an eye trouble identical in nature with that I have described as occurring in human beings, also occurs in lower animals when they are exposed to unhygienic conditions of life. The remedy, of course, is improvement of the sanitation wherever conditions are present which are the reverse of healthy; and separation of the affected persons from those who are well is also an imperative measure. The use of towels in common, in schools, is to be condemned as a means of spreading the disease, as also is the use of water in common for washing the face. The precious gift of sight is too valuable to be tampered with, and it only requires that public attention should be directed to the causes of common eye disease for appropriate preventive means to be employed, and to be continually kept in mind.

I have been perusing accounts of a wonderful tricycle invented by a M. Valere, in which he adds to the propelling power of the legs that derived from the use of the arms. According to the recital I perused, M. Valere has outstripped the fastest riders of the bicycle against whom he contended, he himself being a non-professional cyclist and in no sense an expert in speed. Are we threatened with a new departure in cycling? Possibly not, for the use of the arms, as far as I can gather, has never been popular as a means of propulsion in machines for the road.

Mr. Jeremiah Head, it may be remembered, in his interesting address delivered before the Mechanical Section of the British Association last year, gave some interesting figures regarding the speed which man could attain under varying circumstances when aided by machines of different kinds. I see Mr. Head tells us that by aid of the modern cycle, man may attain a speed of 27.1 miles per hour for one mile; or fifty miles at a speed of 20 per hour; a hundred miles at a speed of 16.6; 388 miles at a speed of 12.5; and 900 at a rate of 12.43 miles per hour. These are astonishing facts; and if M. Valere is going to beat even these records, his feat will only add to the wonders of the human body, viewed as an engine capable of producing a vast amount of energy on, by the way, a very modest modicum of fuel, in the shape of food.

Replying to a correspondent, who asks me whether burial in the earth necessarily kills the germs of disease, I reply, "Certainly not," giving this reply in a general sense. Many microbes live naturally in the soil (e.g., the tetanus germ), and Pasteur's researches on anthrax showed that after burial in the earth for years, the microbes of that disease, brought up to the surface by earthworms from the bodies of the diseased cattle which had been interred in a particular field, gave origin to a fresh epidemic in the cattle feeding in that field. Besides, do we really "bury" our dead? I say we do not, as things are. We bury our dead in thick, or even imperishable, coffins, or in vaults, and this preserves their bodies. Cremation is the only scientific solution of the problem how to dispose of the dead satisfactorily with reference to the health and welfare of the living.

## BATTLES OF THE BRITISH ARMY.

## VI.—SERINGAPATAM.

There were two main sieges of Seringapatam (Sri-Runga-Puttum)—one in 1792, the other in 1799—and both were undertaken with the view of breaking the ferocious power of Tippoo Sahib, the son and successor of Hyder Ali. Tippoo means "tiger," and no one ever better deserved the name than the sovereign of Mysore, who tortured and massacred British prisoners in a manner that made the Nana Sahib of a later date appear a comparatively humane man. For seven years Tippoo had lain comparatively low, but in 1790, finding that his name had been omitted from the list of native Powers with which the East India Company were stated to be on terms of alliance, he burst into Travancore, which he had long coveted, with intent to appropriate that province. This was tantamount to a declaration of war against the Supreme Government, which at once dispatched an army under Lord Cornwallis to bring the truculent tyrant to his senses. This it very promptly did, too, after reducing Bangalore, and brilliantly battering its way to the ramparts of Seringapatam, which stands on the nose of an island in the river Cavery. Faced with the alternative of ruin or surrender, Tippoo at last concluded a treaty with the British, agreeing, among other things, to pay three-and-a-half millions sterling as smart-money, and to hand over his two sons as hostages for the fulfilment of his engagements.

But after the lapse of a few years Tippoo heard of the conquest of Egypt by the French, and then again plucking up heart of grace, he entered into a correspondence with the Directory with the view of organising a common effort to thrust the English out of India altogether. That was an unfortunate step on the part of the "Tiger," who now again, in the twinkling of an eye almost, found himself confronted with the British Lion. Rapidly converging, in the spring of 1799, from Madras and Bombay, two armies, under the supreme command of Major-General Harris (afterwards Lord Harris of Seringapatam and Mysore) sat down once more before the "Tiger's" river-fortress, with the stern resolve, this time, not so much to mend as to end him. Nor hitherto in India had a finer British force ever taken the field. The Madras army consisted of 4608 British infantry, including the 12th and 33rd Regiments, with the 73rd and 74th Highlanders, 11,061 native infantry, 912 European cavalry, and 1766 native horse, 576 European artillery, with 2726 gun Lascars—aggregating 21,649 men, with sixty field-pieces and forty battering-guns. From Bombay and Malabar General Stewart advanced with about 6000 men, of whom 1600 were British, including the gallant Bombay Fusiliers (afterwards the 103rd Foot); while the Nizam sent an auxiliary contingent of 20,000 foot and some cavalry, all under the command of that Colonel Wellesley of whom the French supporters of the "Tiger" were soon afterwards to learn a few lessons in the art of war on the fields of Spain and the plains of Waterloo.

On April 5, 1799, this motley force reached its rendezvous in front of Seringapatam, on the fortifications of which 6000 men had been constantly employed for the last six years, and it was now held by a garrison of 50,000 men. To starve out this garrison would have been possible. But no; nothing would satisfy the thirst for revenge that was flaming in the hearts of the British troops for all the barbarities which Tippoo had perpetrated upon their officers and comrades in the past—nothing would satisfy them, I say, but the storming of the "Tiger's" stronghold; and to what more appropriate leader could the command of the storming party be entrusted than to General Baird ("God pity the child that's tied to oor Davie!" his mother had exclaimed when she heard of her energetic son being chained to a fellow-prisoner in the dungeons of Seringapatam), who had himself for three long years enjoyed a taste of the amenities of Mysore? The storming column consisted of the ten flank companies of the European battalions, the 12th, 33rd, 73rd, and 74th (Highlanders), three corps of Sepoy Grenadiers, selected from the troops of the three Presidencies; 200 of the Nizam's troops, with 100 gunners and pioneers.

The time of the feat had been fixed for the hottest hour of the day (May 4), when the garrison would naturally be courting shade and rest; and accordingly, at a given signal the stormers, with Baird at their head, started from their trenches, and, in the teeth of a terrific hail of missiles of all kinds, swashed across the rocky bed of the Cavery and swarmed up the breach in the walls of the fortress, which, of course, during the preparatory four weeks of siege operations, had undergone a battering process of the most destructive and demoralising kind. Some shining feats of personal valour were performed during this mounting of the breach, including a sword encounter, fatal to both, between Lieutenant-Colonel Dunlop and a sirdar of Mysore. But more stirring still was the derring-do of a Scotch sergeant of the Bombay Fusiliers, Graham by name, who ran forward shouting "Success to Lieutenant Graham!" (for thus he hoped to gain his commission), and then, mounting the breach, planted the King's colours among the ruins, exclaiming "Hang 'em!" (or perhaps it may even have been "Damn 'em!") "I'll show them the British flag!" though the words had barely left his lips when he fell with a bullet through his brain. Within seven minutes after the signal had been given for the assault, the British Standard was waving on the outer

bastion of the fortress; at sight whereof, as an eye-witness said, "loud acclamations of joy resounded from all parts, and the breast of every British soldier was filled with enthusiasm. The enemy soon abandoned the ramparts after the English had reached them; in about half an hour the fire from the fort had entirely ceased, and the British flag was triumphantly displayed on every part of it."

Tippoo was more than startled when he awoke to a consciousness of all this; for at the moment of the assault he had been amusing himself with his wife and children, or, according to others, with his astrologers. Aroused at last out of his dream of security, he rushed towards the ramparts at the head of a glittering band of his chiefs, but only to be pressed back by the surging flood of his warriors, who were retreating before the impetuous onrush of the stormers with Baird ever at their head. During a brief halt on the ramparts Sir David had learned of the cruel fate of some recent British prisoners, especially the men of the 33rd Foot; and, furious with indignation, he was heard to exclaim—"If this be true, I shall deliver Tippoo over to be dealt with by the Grenadiers of the 33rd as they may choose." But a tenderer end was in store for the "Tiger." For, though cruel, he was also brave, and he still stood his ground, doing all he could to retrieve the fortune of the day. With some of his choicest troops he continued to oppose the British advance, retiring from one position of advantage to another, and ever fighting though struck with several bullets. At last, seeing the desperation of his state, he leapt upon his horse and spurred for the entrance to the inner works, which he still hoped to hold; but in the gateway his steed was shot under him and he himself also fell mortally wounded, like the King Theodore of a later time at the entrance to his mountain-keep, Magdala. The gateway became blocked by the dying and the dead, and it was only by climbing over these mounds of bodies that some men of the 12th Foot could reach the expiring "Tiger." One of these soldiers made a clutch at Tippoo's sword-belt, glittering with jewels, and tried to pull it off, but the "Tiger," game to the last, made a cut with his sabre at his would-be despoiler, wounding him in the knee, on which the man put a final bullet through his head, and there an end.

Ignorant as yet of the fate which had thus befallen Tippoo, General Baird was making great efforts for his discovery, and it was only with the aid of torches and a search-party of his Highlanders that he at last discovered him after sunset in the gateway aforesaid, under a heap of the slain. His chief ornaments had already disappeared, but there was no doubt as to the identity of the body, on beholding which the Nizam's troops exclaimed: "Sri-Runga-Puttum is taken! The tyrant is dead! His sons and family are captives! His treasures are ours." These treasures amounted to three millions. But more coveted than these millions were the emaciated but still surviving British prisoners, whom Baird and his fellow-heroes found still within the dungeons of Seringapatam. It was a proud hour for Sir David, but next day—oh, the cruelty of it!—he was somewhat brusquely bidden to deliver up the keys of the place to Colonel Wellesley, who had taken no active part in the capture of the fortress, but who had been appointed to the post of Governor by his brother, the Marquis. "And thus," said Sir David, "before the sweat was dry on my brow, I was superseded by an inferior officer." But by the common voice of the army he was awarded the state sword of Tippoo Sahib for the splendid victory which had been won at a comparatively trifling cost in life, and which will always rank as one of the most shining feats that ever added unfading lustre to the English arms.

With the excellent object of benefiting the funds of the philanthropic department of the London Congregational Union, a performance of the "Messiah" was given in Queen's Hall on March 20. It was an artistic success—won alike by a fine choir of 400 voices, a capital orchestra, and the soloists, Mrs. Hutchinson, Miss Marian Mackenzie, Mr. Harper Kearton, and Mr. Norman Salmond. The conductor was Mr. James W. Lewis, who showed his high ability and infallible knowledge of Handel's music, which were largely answerable for the evening's success. Especially commendable were the delicate nuances obtained in the choruses maintained to the very last, doubtless the result of painstaking rehearsal.

We are only just beginning to appreciate the genius of the great pastellist, John Russell, R.A., the friend and contemporary of Reynolds, Romney, and Gainsborough. There were giants in those days, and it has needed time to discern the individual talents of these distinguished men. Very wisely, the annual Amateur Art Exhibition, to be held in May, is going to take some further steps to acquaint the public with the high merits of Russell, by including, as the chief attraction, many beautiful pastel portraits by him. The exhibition will be housed at the Imperial Institute, in the magnificent rooms on the first floor, and it is anticipated that royalty will honour its opening. Another feature will be a collection of Battersea enamels, and it is earnestly desired that any possessors of the latter and of Russell pastels will kindly communicate with the honorary secretary, the Hon. Mrs. Stuart Wortley, 16, Clarges Street, Mayfair, W.



BATTLES OF THE BRITISH ARMY, No. VI.—SERINGAPATAM.



BRAVE CONDUCT OF SERGEANT GRAHAM: "HANG 'EM! I'LL SHOW THEM THE BRITISH FLAG!"

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



BATTLES OF THE BRITISH ARMY, No. VI.—SERINGAPATAM.

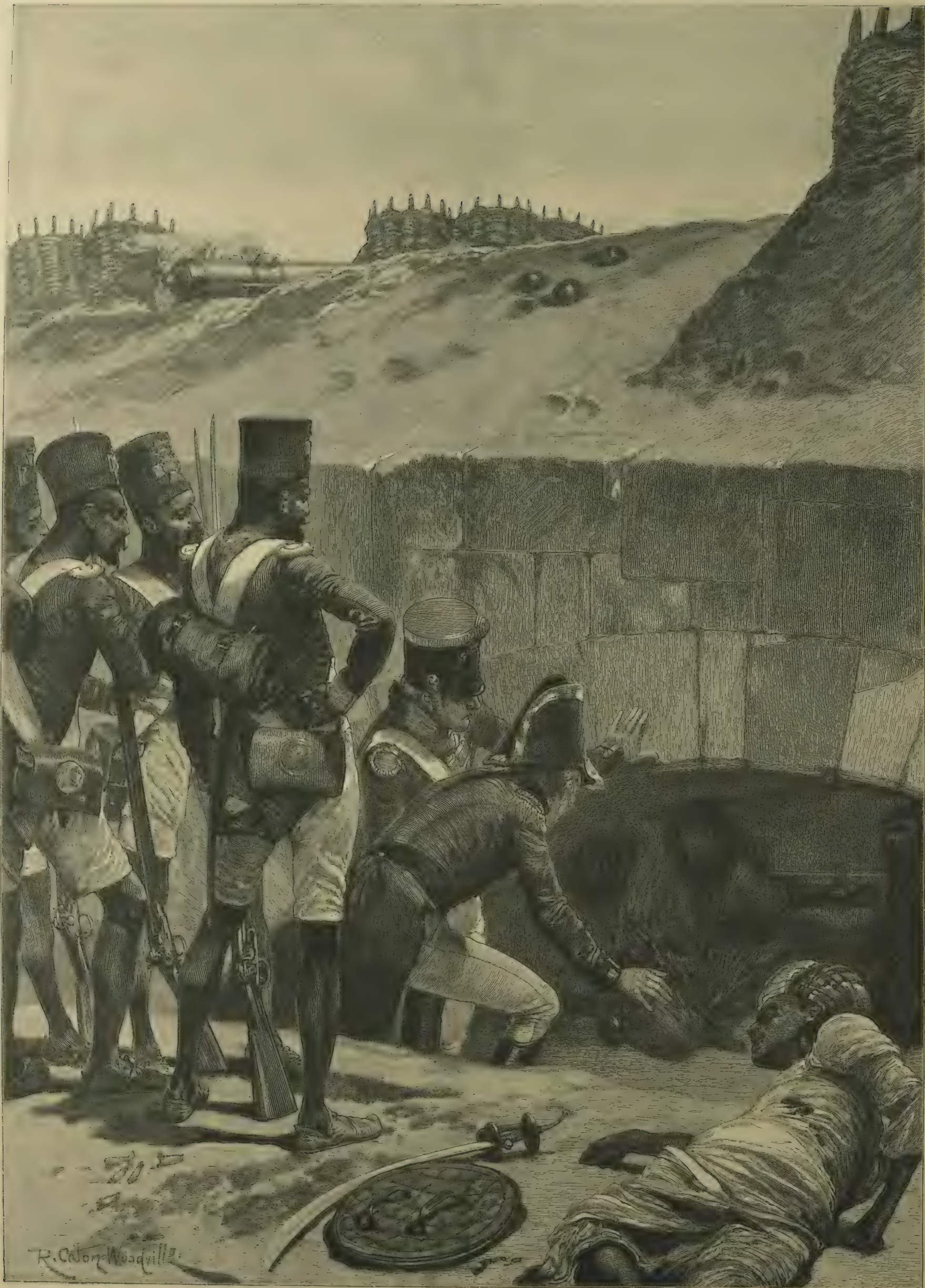


THE STORMING OF SERINGAPATAM: DEATH OF TIPPOO SAHIB.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



## BATTLES OF THE BRITISH ARMY, No. VI.—SERINGAPATAM.



FINDING THE BRITISH PRISONERS UNDER THE CASEMATES IN THE FORTIFICATIONS.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



## LITERATURE.

## THE LETTERS OF THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES.

Mr. Gosse, who has rendered so much good service for English literature, has seldom performed one more acceptable than by his publication of *The Letters of Thomas Lovell Beddoes* (Elkin Mathews and John Lane) in a singularly neat and pretty volume. These admirable epistles have hitherto been only accessible, in any degree approaching completeness, in the original edition of Beddoes' poems (1851), a book prized by every lover of poetry, but one both scarce and dear. They have, however, sufficient weight and merit to stand by themselves, and sufficient charm to attract those who know nothing of Beddoes as a poet. They have, indeed, much intellectual affinity; their qualities may be briefly defined as picturesque phrase, original thought, condensed concreteness, and psychological analysis. Sometimes several of these qualities are combined in one felicitous expression,

from living abroad; the attempt to replace the living waters by one broken cistern after another, until at length every pursuit appeared illusion, and awakening brought despair and death. The letters, nevertheless, are anything but dismal reading; they are racy and original in the highest degree, full of striking descriptions, pungent sarcasms, and acute remarks; and in so far superior to the writer's poems that they do not suffer from that lack of the constructive faculty which commonly disabled him from producing a satisfactory whole.

Mr. Gosse has been able to make many highly interesting additions to the text of the letters as originally published. The first is the most important of any, as it proves, what we have always suspected, that Beddoes' friend and biographer, Kelsall, was the third, along with Barry Cornwall and Beddoes himself, in guaranteeing the expenses of the publication of Shelley's posthumous poems—a deed in itself enough for immortality. We could wish that Mr. Gosse had not thought it necessary to reproduce the manuscript of the letters with their queer abbreviations and other eccentricities. We must say that we find this worrying, and should have preferred Cromwell without the waits

the "Cambridge Shakspeare," which is the best possible; and the editor, Mr. Israel Gollancz, has provided a brief but sufficient preface, a few interesting notes, and a full glossary. With all its excellences the price of each volume is only one shilling; and when we consider the perfection of the text, the beauty of the get-up, and the modesty of the price, I think we may fairly allow that this is very nearly the ideal edition of Shakspeare. ROBERT W. LOWE.

## THE PRICE OF A PEARL.

*The Price of a Pearl.* By Eleanor Holmes. Three vols. (London: Hurst and Blackett.)—Three rather long volumes are not at all too much of "The Price of a Pearl." It is a book of power and charm. A well-conceived plot is conducted with easy art to an end which, if strictly traditional, is perfectly appropriate. It would be too long to tell in detail how Pearl Merryweather, the seductive heroine whose green eyes kindle flames which she herself but seldom feels, has a day of glory and many days of humiliation; how she has to unlearn in adversity lessons not wisely but too well learned in prosperity; how she plays the



SWEET SPRINGTIME.

From a Photograph by Ralph W. Robinson, of Redhill.

as in the incomparable picture of the glow-worm, "with her little drop of moonlight." Sometimes the combined picturesqueness and condensation are carried so far that the substance of pages seems compressed into a sentence, and abstractions made not only visible, but tangible, as when Beddoes writes of "those impolitic and hasty virtues which helped Icarus to buckle on his plumes, and which we have left sticking in the pages of 'Don Quixote.'" This sentence paints the writer to the life, a man unworldly and disinterested even to excess, consecrated throughout his life to the pursuit of the noblest ideals of many kinds, and broken-hearted from his inability to attain them; a man only faulty in undue disdain for what did not immediately commend itself to a powerful but one-sided mind. Hence much uncalled-for and, indeed, perverse disparagement of Goethe, Petrarch, and Byron: redeemed by a true insight into congenial spirits, and, in particular, such bright glimpses of the mind of Shakspeare that one heartily wishes that when poetry became impossible, Beddoes had adopted the usual course of "men who have failed," and betaken himself to criticism. Medicine and chemistry were his resort instead; their attraction for his questioning and scrutinising spirit one well understands, but it may be doubted whether it was ever in his power to obtain distinction in them. The psychological tragedy of his life is well told in these letters, the gradual withering up of the poetical faculty, partly owing to disuse of his own language

for once. This is a matter of taste; but it is a matter of fact that insufficient attention has been given to the correction of the press.

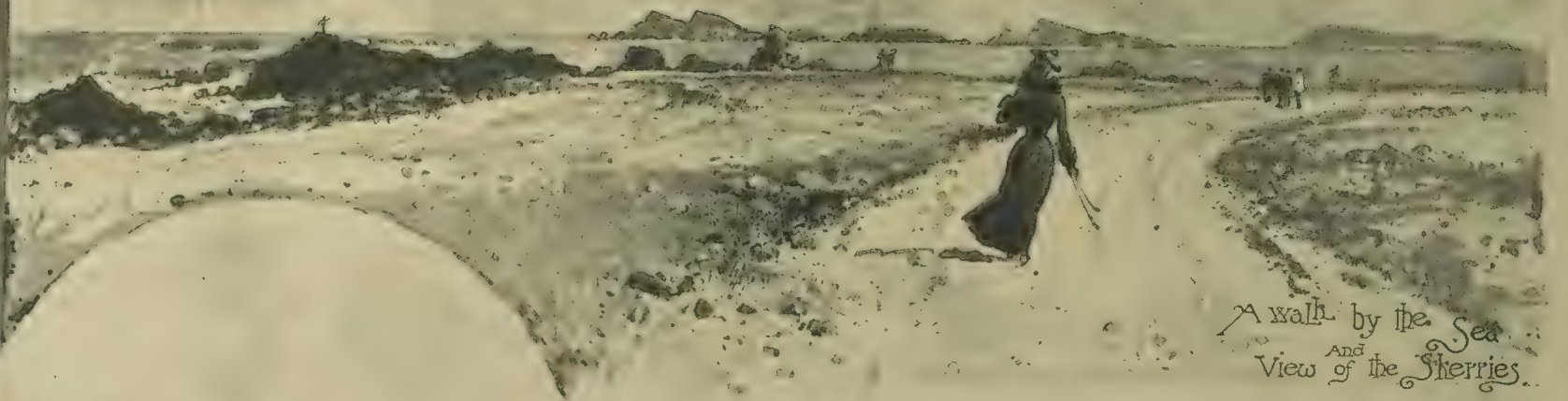
RICHARD GARNETT.

## THE IDEAL SHAKSPEARE.

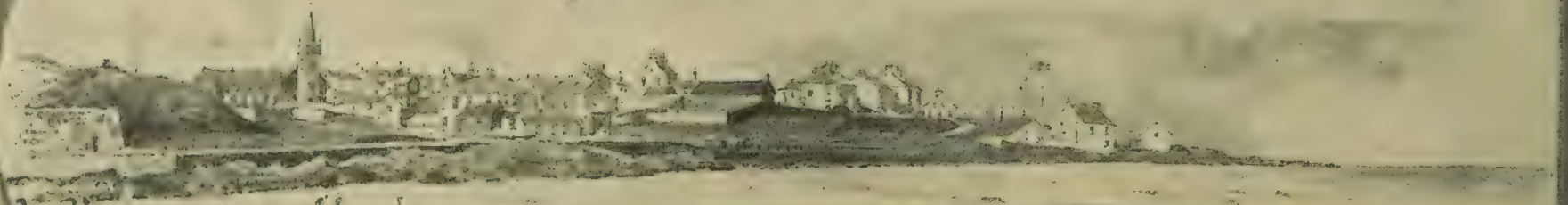
*The "Temple" Shakspeare.* Vol. I., "The Tempest." (London: J. M. Dent and Co., 1894.)—Did anybody, I wonder, ever try to make a complete collection of editions of Shakspeare—I do not mean of original quartos, but of collected editions—and, if so, what was the result? It is not an impossible task; and, if I had unlimited money and unlimited room, I should not at all mind undertaking it. I do not say that I should enter upon the struggle with a light heart, but I think I could get as far as a certain solemn gladness. After all, there cannot be many more than five hundred editions—Mr. Mullins mentions some four hundred in his Shakspeare Library Catalogue—and comparatively few of them are of great rarity. But if, in the meantime, I were limited to the possession of two editions, I should have no hesitation in making my choice. I would choose first the "Variorum" edition of 1821, which contains all that Malone and the older commentators knew; and my second choice should be the "Temple" edition, the first volume of which has just appeared. In this charming little edition each play has a volume to itself—a small square volume, admirably fitted for carrying in the pocket, beautifully printed, and got up with care and good taste. The text is practically that of

mischievous with hearts, and gets her own somewhat tarnished in the process; how the fire of affliction does its gradual work, and the singing siren is transformed into a woman. The writer's grip of her characters is remarkable. Apart from the heroine's, there are two strong and vivid portraits in the book: that of Lord Bertie, the misshapen, cynical aristocrat with a heart of gold; and that of the stern, passionate, middle-aged lover (Mr. Lewis) with his bat's eyes and desperate lack of graces, whose suit seems from the first so hopeless that even while the wedding bells are ringing the reader is well prepared for the catastrophe that follows. Hector, the other lover, is outlined rather than portrayed in full, but he remains a charming presentation of guileless youth without prigishness and without conceit. Capital, too, and full of humour, is the sketch of the cad Johnny Watson. The women are done with the same clever and intuitive pen. The picture of old Lady Dalrymple is conventional, it will be said; but the Lady Dalrymple type is conventional or nothing. She and all her kind are clockwork women; "made in Mayfair" is the label that fits them all; and no novelist who knows anything of their order would dream of investing any individual specimen with one single touch of genuine originality. By their want of it are they known. The style of the book is accurate, literary, and graceful; and the dialogue has a polish, refinement, and penetration which the better sort of reader will be quick to perceive and enjoy. TIGHE HOPKINS.





A walk by the Sea  
View of the Sherries.



A Peep at the Town  
from the Links



The Ladies Club House.

A Long Drive.



Putting at the  
Home Hole.  
The finish of a match.

Dunlce  
Castle.

Holland Trincham  
March 28/93.



BERNARDINO LUINI AT THE EARLY ITALIAN ART EXHIBITION, NEW GALLERY.

*Reproduced by kind permission of J. Ruston, Esq.*



ST. ANNE.



ST. CATHERINE OF ALEXANDRIA.



ST. STEPHEN.



ST. GEORGE.



## MARGARET WILSON.

BY ANDREW LANG.

To the horror of mankind the Junius controversy has broken out again. The peculiarity of this problem in history is that nobody reads Junius any longer, and nobody cares who he was, till somebody makes the assertion that he was Francis, or General Lee, or the Young Pretender. Then the old trouble bursts forth afresh, as does the Man in the Iron Mask periodically. Historical problems, it may be said roughly, are never solved, never settled. In an ordinary modern trial people still quarrel over the guilt of a prisoner, however roundly condemned by judge and jury. Much more, then, can they squabble over the dusty records of the past. On the whole, one is inclined to believe that a story is always true if it is bad enough. This maxim governs the famous case of Margaret Wilson. Everyone has heard of the girl who was tied to a stake in the mouth of the Blednoch, and drowned in Solway tide. Sir John Millais long ago drew a sketch of this lass, and made her as beautiful as she was brave. However, it has been denied that Margaret was ever drowned at all—denied, with immense flourishing of trumpets and banging of drums, by Mr. Mark Napier. So the case became an historical problem, and might be a problem still if the Rev. Archibald Stewart of Glasserton had not sallied forth, and settled Mr. Napier and the question for good. Perhaps there never was such a complete and telling exposition of a knotty point. Mr. Stewart had a case so strong that he could dispense with rhetoric and violent language. He should have been snatched from his flock, and endowed, and compelled to settle the Man in the Iron Mask, Junius, Queen Mary, and the Gowrie conspiracy. He seems to have been moved, not only by affection for the Covenanting cause (of which he makes no great parade), but by the conviction that some historical facts can be demonstrated as having occurred, which we are sometimes tempted to doubt.

The trouble, in its acutest form, began with the Rev. Mr. Renwick, who, on Nov. 8, 1684, issued an "Apologetical Declaration." Vengeance was herein vowed against "informers"; but nobody was to be "punished" by the Societies of extreme Presbyterians, "without previous deliberation, common or competent consent, with certain probation by sufficient witnesses." This was the establishment of a state within the state, mock courts of justice. No Government that ever existed could endure such pretensions. Murders followed; there is a list of fourteen in a pamphlet of the opposite party. These were disclaimed by the banded societies, but it was a case of *malum minatum* and *damnum secutum*. The Government, however, was imbecile enough to threaten with death all who would not abjure, on oath, this precious Apologetical Declaration. Not to abjure it, "an easily taken abjuration," says Mr. Stewart, was the crime for which Margaret Wilson, a girl of eighteen, was drowned. A little new law had just been arranged for the drowning of women, which is a better death than most, no doubt, but perhaps humanity was not the motive of the Government. Only women "who have been active in the seditious courses in a signal manner" were to be drowned. Now, if the woman who gave the office for killing a clergyman had been drowned, as accessory before the fact, not much might be said; but what had Margaret Wilson done? She had been reported, in 1684, by the local curate, for not attending divine service. She was then seventeen, and nothing can be much more extraordinary than the circumstances. Margaret Wilson was the daughter of a rich farmer, "to an excess conform to the guise of the times"—that is, he went to his parish church, where he was in danger of hearing the Lord's Prayer publicly repeated by Mr. Symson. There were at least two other children—Thomas, aged sixteen, and Agnes, aged thirteen. Mr. Wilson, *père*, was unable to make these boys and girls go to church with him or take the Test Oath. This is the peculiarity of the political and religious movement. As a rule, a Scotch farmer can make his children go to church with him if he likes. But even Agnes would not go; and she, with Thomas and Margaret, fled "to wild mountains, bogs, and caves," where they must have kept strange company. One is reminded of Christian children, martyrs, with an orthodox Roman father. Yet all the evil for which these young people disobeyed their parent, forewent a roof over their heads, and, in one case, laid down their lives to avoid, was "hearing a curate." They conceived it to be a deadly sin, though they would not even have been exposed to the perilous contamination of listening to the English service.

That the wickedness should have appeared so monstrous is almost as amazing as that Margaret should have been drowned for her sentiment.

Margaret was caught on a visit to Wigton, and this dangerous conspirator was tried, with an old woman named Lauchlison, on April 13, 1685. It is certain that the old woman petitioned for pardon, or that a petition, and abjuration, was sent in in her name. Probably as much was done for Margaret, and on April 30 the Privy Council reprieved them both till a date left blank; yet both were drowned, and it is possible that both, like Joan of Arc, abjured their abjurations. The only denial, in 1691, was that of "Bluidy Mackenzie," the Lord Advocate, who avers that only two women (exclusive of witches, probably) suffered capital punishment in Scotland under the Restoration, and these "for most heinous crimes." Perhaps Mackenzie did not regard Margaret's case as a legal execution but as an illegal murder. However, as early as 1687, two years after the event, the writer of the "Hind Let Loose," says: "Neither were women spared. some were hanged, some drowned tied to stakes . . . and some of them very young, some of an old age." Here "some"

Solemnities of Procedure." He adds that none of the episcopal clergy had any hand in the matter. Unluckily, his own father had pointed out Margaret Wilson to the notice of his superiors as absent from church. There is plenty of other evidence, given twenty-five years later, when the Kirk collected the story of her sufferings. Wodrow mixes up psychical research with it; he never can resist anything like a ghost. There was a Provost Coltrou, who had, or had not, something to do with this truly abominable affair. Just before his death, the old woman who was drowned appeared to her daughter in a dream, and charitably bade her warn the Provost of his approaching end. But Mr. Napier held that the drowning (not the dream) was an "hallucination" produced in the daughter's mind by the worthy minister of the parish. An historian who could say that could say anything!

Our ancestors were unmitigated ruffians. After Sept. 1, 1746, any Scotch episcopal parson who officiated without taking a string of oaths, was imprisoned for six months. Then, on relapse, he was sold for life to the plantations, and, if he returned, was imprisoned for life. People who went to hear him pray or preach were fined or imprisoned. This was something like persecution, but no girls were drowned, so nobody remembers anything about it. Besides, the sufferers were only the minority.

CHARLES KINGSLEY  
MEMORIAL AT HOLNE.

The small rustic village of Holne, near Ashburton, South Devon, in the valley of the Dart, below Dartmoor, is the birthplace of that eminent man of genius, the late Rev. Canon Kingsley, author of "Alton Locke," "Yeast," "Hypatia," "Westward Ho!" and "Two Years Ago." He was born at the Vicarage there in 1819, but much of his childhood and youth was passed in other parsonages, in the eastern counties and at Chelsea. A memorial window has recently been placed in the north transept of Holne church by a committee of parishioners and other Devonshire gentlemen, including Lord Hannen, the Hon. R. Dawson, and the Rev. John Gill, the present Vicar of Holne. The scenes which it represents are the Nativity, the Adoration of the Shepherds, and the Visit of the Wise Men. Above these is a portrait of Charles Kingsley, with his shield, his motto—"Be Strong"—his crest, a stag's head and a bugle horn; over them are the initials "C. K.," and a Star of Bethlehem. The portrait is copied from a steel engraving by C. H. Jeens, dated 1874. The stained-glass work has been well executed by Messrs. Mayer and Co., of Munich, and of 149, New Bond Street, London. A stone tablet has been affixed to the wall of the Vicarage, and it is intended to renovate the font in which Charles Kingsley was baptised.

Some people have emigrated from Australia to Paraguay, in South America, and have formed a settlement which they call New Australia. The land held by them is 230,000 acres in extent. A large proportion of it is cultivable soil with abundance of water. The climate is similar to that of Australia. A Mr. Lane is

president of the settlement; persons have been elected as a board for directing operations in industry. The settlers have 2500 head of cattle, and twenty acres already yielding crops. Many houses are in course of construction.

At a meeting of the Melbourne Chamber of Commerce, a resolution was adopted in favour of giving preference, in the matter of outward and homeward freight, to steamers fitted with refrigerators, with a view to facilitating the export of colonial products.

Perhaps one of the distinctive marks of the Victorian era is the saving of time, just as the saving of money was one of the features of the Elizabethan period. Mr. Anstey gave once an amusing picture of a bank in which time might be invested, and cheques on which were paid by being placed beneath a clock! Everyone welcomes an aid to the economy of time, and for this reason will be glad to know of a new form of note-book, in which the page last used is displayed on opening by a patent method, which entitles Messrs. T. J. Smith, Son, and Downes to the gratitude of all busy people. This capital arrangement entails also the keeping of a pencil in the inside of the book, which is a decided advantage. These self-registering note-books can be obtained in various styles and sizes, and are bound as charmingly as a Prayer-book. They will be a positive incentive to become a "chiel amang ye takin' notes."



THE CHARLES KINGSLEY MEMORIAL WINDOW AT HOLNE, DARTMOOR.

Designed by Messrs. Mayer and Co., of Munich, and Bond Street, London.

means one young and one old woman, which is a stretch of language not uncommon. Now nobody alleges that any other women were drowned, so the "Hind" must refer to Margaret. Two years, 1685-1687, are not long enough for such a myth to grow in, and the "Hind" alone, confirmed by tradition and by the admission of the son of Mr. Andrew Symson, the curate, would prove the case.

Mr. Stewart was here particularly lucky. There was an Episcopalian tract of 1703 in which drowning was admitted. The tract was without author's or printer's name. But two copies exist, with Matthias Symson's name inserted in manuscript. Moreover, the type and ornaments are those used by Matthias's father, Andrew Symson. Now, this printer had been the very curate who noted Margaret's abstentions from divine service in 1684. At the Revolution, in 1688, Andrew was turned out of his kirk, like other Episcopals, and had to adopt a trade, that of the printer. He it is who gives us the only contemporary account of the death of the Bride of Lammermoor, with no mention of the fatal hunting-knife. He also published (1705) "Frazer of Tice on the Second Sight." Now, he must have known the facts about the drowning, "drowned they were, indeed," says his son Matthias, "but not tied to stakes within the flood-mark," which is a mere detail. "They were judicially condemned after the usual



## PICTURES AT THE BURLINGTON GALLERY: "BIG GAME OF AMERICA."



THE THOUSAND ISLES.—BY F. A. VERNER.

## ART NOTES.

Of the hundreds who every week pass the turnstiles of the South Kensington Museum, probably not a score ever take notice of the two enamel plaques which are fixed at either side of the doorway to commemorate Sir Prescott Hewett and Mrs. Bolckow, two liberal benefactors. Yet in some respects these two tablets are as interesting as anything to be found inside, for they mark a serious effort to revive in this country the art of enamelling as it was practised here generations before Limoges grew into repute. The difficulties in the way of the enameller are many, and not the least is the initial expenditure required. The funds for this work, as well as the encouragement to pursue it, are due to the persistent belief of the Art Director at South Kensington that enamel making and colouring was an art which it was the duty

of the Science and Art Department to revive. Unfortunately, the process is a costly one, and enamels cannot be produced like Doulton vases; so that little encouragement has been given by the public to artists and craftsmen to persevere in this direction. It is a reproach to our so-called patrons of art that, with perhaps the single exception of Mr. Alfred Morrison, none will do anything to encourage the revival of art-handicrafts. They will spend large sums upon pictures, ancient and modern, or on bric-à-brac and *bibels*, old and new, but the art-products of living-workmen must all have some practical object. Art is made the mere handmaid of utilitarianism.

The friends and admirers of the late Randolph Caldecott will learn with pleasure that the tablet undertaken by Mr. Alfred Gilbert has at length been completed to the sculptor's satisfaction. It is only fair to the artist

to say that long ago he had produced a memorial which amply satisfied Sir Frederick Leighton and the other members of the committee, but which failed to come up to his own more fastidious standard. The central feature of the present work, which is to be erected in St. Paul's Cathedral, is the figure of the child who is holding up a medallion portrait of the artist who did so much to make children's lives gay. Aluminium and lacquered bronze enter into the child's dress, as well as into the portrait, which stands out against a background of coloured marble. On either side are bronze pillars supporting the framework of the slab, and on these Mr. Gilbert has lavished much care and delicate work. It is to be hoped that the memorial will find a place at Burlington House at the coming exhibition, for, be it said without disrespect, it will there be seen by many hundreds of people who are not likely to visit St. Paul's in its search.



SHOOTING THE RAPIDS.—BY F. A. VERNER.



THE BARN OWL.

The barn owl, called also the white or church owl, because of his proclivity for nesting in old church towers, is one of our best feathered friends. He is the mouse-hunter *par excellence*. If during the daytime he has been resting, a mere humped-up mass of feathers, near some old wall that once was white, but now is weather-stained, you may pass him by often without noticing him at all, so well does his plumage fall in with the tones of his surroundings.

When the sun has gone down, in the soft twilight, forth he comes with flapping measured flight and a hissing scream, to hunt in most persistent manner until the sun rises again and the night-feeding small deer have retired to their holes. The young of owls stay long in their nests, and the numbers of various kinds of mice that the parent birds carry to them there must be something enormous. Short-tailed, stout-bodied meadow mice, called locally dog-mice, wood-mice, and shrew-mice, are all to be picked up in the meadow, which the barn owl works like a pointer. Then there are the house-mice that also frequent the barns and the outbuildings to be looked for; these all form the chief food of owls and their young from one year's end to another.

This owl has a curious, drawn-out, nearly heart-shaped face; his eyes are dark and beautiful, his breast shines like satin; if he appears but a sorry bird by daylight, he has an active, alert air at night; and if you win his confidence, petting him and training him, he will amuse you with no end of strange antics, although the white or barn owl is, as a rule, more shy and reserved than is his relative, the brown owl of the woods. Both do inestimable service to man, and until recently they have been ill-requited indeed, having been shot mercilessly, partly from ignorant prejudice, partly owing to the demand for their feathers for hats and fire-screens. So slow are we in learning the true uses and value of what is outside our own immediate little world!

No proper nest is made by the barn owl; the eggs are laid in any convenient spot in farm buildings, hollow trees, dovecotes, and clefts in walls. Mr. R. J. Howard, a well-known Lancashire ornithologist, placed an empty soap-box beneath a rafter in an outbuilding, and soon two owls appropriated it, as was his intention. It is a common thing to find nestlings in various stages of growth in the same nest; at least in two or three distinct stages; and fresh eggs are found beside nestlings. Incubation begins generally about the end of April; oftener in May.

Having observed the progress of the birds' domestic arrangements for a time, Mr. Howard took down the box with the young half-fledged creatures and photographed the quaint-looking family. Incubation beginning as soon as the first egg is laid, the young are in different stages, and one easily singles out the elder brother of the family, looking with large unfeathered wings like some wise country parson in his white surplice. Some naturalists say that the last eggs are hatched by the first young of the pair.

The gamekeeper is slower in recognising the usefulness of this owl than is the farmer. The latter knows that it rids him of mice galore, but the former often shoots the fine bird, looking on it as an enemy to his young birds, being too shortsighted to understand that the persistent hunter is in quest of the young rats and mice that swarm about the coops, and is, therefore, a friend instead of a foe.

J. A. OWEN.

The Society of Authors held its annual meeting on March 19 in Hanover Square, Sir F. Pollock presiding. The report stated that the number of members was nearly 1200, and its financial position was highly satisfactory.

It was not until Mr. Gladstone had left office that the meeting of the trustees of the National Gallery was held at which Sir F. Burton officially notified his impending resignation. Under these circumstances, the appointment of his successor, technically made by her Majesty, will be at the recommendation of the Earl of Rosebery. Of the merits of the rival candidates it is not necessary to speak here; but the Premier's decision will be watched with interest, as he is credited with having to decide between the claims of an artist and a littérateur. In support of the former it is urged that under the directorship of three painters—Sir Charles Eastlake, Sir William Boxall, and Sir F. Burton—the National Gallery has been raised from a very secondary position to almost, if not quite, the first in Europe. On the other hand, the Museums of Berlin and the Hague, to go no further afield, are under the direction of writers on art like Dr. Bredius and Dr. Bode; while for some time past the Louvre has been too notoriously under the thumb of the art-critics of Paris, who practically dominate the Minister of Fine Arts, and through him are dominant at the Louvre, the Luxembourg, and at the Salon. Another consideration, besides the knowledge of the whereabouts of pictures and their history in view of possible purchases, is that the director of any national collection has to take care of old pictures as well as to buy new ones. If he knows nothing of paint, as distinguished from painting, there is always the danger of pictures perishing from neglect or being destroyed by restoration. Of course, experts in this branch are to be found, but if they are not themselves responsible, acts of carelessness or ignorance might lead to the wholesale destruction of our most valuable works.

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CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

P HEALEY.—Thanks for problem, which we are sure will prove very acceptable.

A SUBSCRIBER (Belfast).—It is because we receive no communications. We are only too pleased to obtain both information and games. We are much obliged for enclosure, which shall have every attention.

H W L L.—We must abide by our rules not to answer by post. The problem in question is quite right, as you will see by the solution published below.

H D HIND.—Your post-card appears to have miscarried, but we credit you with solution this week.

R H (Orillia, Canada).—Thanks, but we are afraid such novelties would not agree with our solvers. They often find one solution difficult enough; to be required to discover fifteen would give them a paralytic stroke.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2603 received from Captain J A Challice and H D Hind; of No. 2604 from Shadforth, Captain J A Challice, and F Andrews; of No. 2605 from Mrs H Byones, W David, and Captain J A Challice.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2603 received from Frank H Rollison, R H Brooks, Martin F W Wright, J D Tucker, H B Hurford, J Dixon, M Burke, W R Raillon, Stirlings, H C Chancellor, Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), H S Brandreth, Sorrento, Shadforth, G Joicy, Admiral Brandreth, W P Hind, F Andrews, E E H, Charles Burnett, C E Perugini, Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), R Worters (Canterbury), E Loudon, T G (Ware), J L Brown and F King.

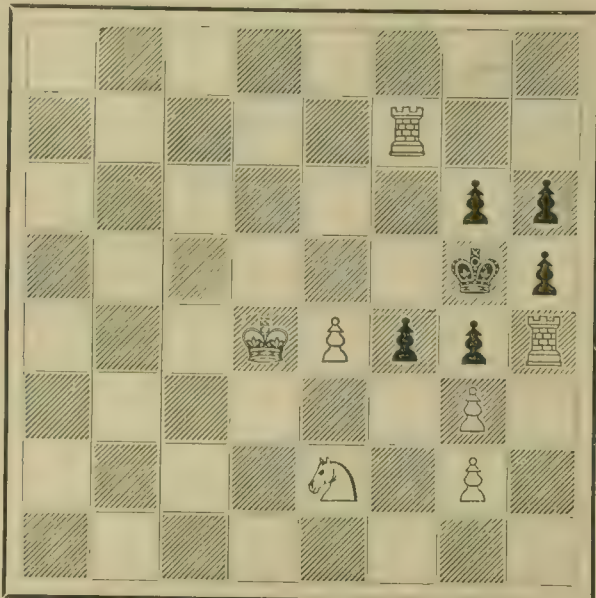
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2605.—By Mrs. W. J. BAIRD.

WHITE. BLACK.  
1. Kt to Kt 5th K to Q 3rd  
2. Q to Q 8th (ch) K to B 4th or to K 4th  
3. Kt mates.  
If Black play 1. K to Q 5th, 2. Q to Q 2nd (ch), K to B 4th or to K 4th; 3. Kt to B 7th, mate. If 1. P to B 6th, then 2. Q to B 5th, P to B 7th; 3. P to Q 6th, dis ch and mate.

PROBLEM No. 2608.

By C. W. (of Sunbury).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played at the Divan between Mr. S. TINSLEY and an AMATEUR.  
(King's Gambit Declined.)

WHITE (Mr. T.) BLACK (Amateur).  
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th  
2. P to K B 4th B to B 4th  
3. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to Q B 3rd  
P to Q 3rd is the correct reply.  
4. P to Q Kt 4th  
An experimental move, we presume.  
P takes P is safe enough.  
4. Kt takes Kt P  
5. P takes P P to Q 4th  
6. P to B 3rd Kt to Q B 3rd  
7. P takes Q P Q takes P  
8. P to Q 4th B to Kt 3rd  
9. B to K 2nd K Kt to K 2nd  
10. Q Kt to Q 2nd Kt to B 4th  
11. B to B 4th Q to Q sq  
12. Castles Castles  
13. Kt to K 4th Kt (B 4) takes P  
A natural mistake, apparently overlooked.  
WHITE (Mr. T.) BLACK (Amateur).  
14. P takes Kt Kt takes Q P  
15. B to K 3rd Kt takes Kt (ch)  
16. Q takes Kt B to Q 5th  
17. B takes P (ch) K to R sq  
18. Q R to Q sq P to Q B 4th  
19. B takes B P takes B  
20. Q to R 5th P to Q 6th  
21. Kt to Kt 5th P to K R 3rd  
22. R to B 6th  
An amusing termination. To this move there is no conceivable reply.  
22. Q to Q 5th (ch)  
23. K to R sq R takes B  
24. R takes P (ch) P takes R  
25. Q takes P (ch) K to Kt sq  
26. Q to Kt 6th (ch), and mates next move.

CHESS AT SCARBOROUGH.

The following was one of the games played at Board No. 1 on the occasion of a match recently contested between the clubs of Scarborough and Bridlington.

(Allgaier Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. E. Thorold). BLACK (Mr. E. Wallis).  
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th  
2. P to K B 4th P takes P  
3. Kt to K B 3rd P to Kt 4th  
4. P to K R 4th P to Kt 5th  
5. Kt to Kt 5th P to K R 3rd  
6. Kt takes P K takes Kt  
7. P to Q 4th P to Q 4th  
8. B takes P Kt to K B 3rd  
P takes P; 9. B to B 4th (ch), K to Kt 2nd; 10. Castles, followed by Kt to K B 3rd, is a better continuation.  
9. P to K 5th Q to K sq  
A weak move that gives his opponent just the time he requires. Kt to R 4th should have been played.  
10. B to Q 3rd  
A good move. White loses no time in the pursuit of his attack.  
10. Kt to R 4th  
11. Castles Kt to Kt 2nd  
12. Kt to B 3rd P to B 3rd  
13. Q to Q 2nd B to Kt 5th  
B to K 2nd was the right move, as the sequel shows.  
14. B takes P (ch)  
WHITE (Mr. E. Thorold). BLACK (Mr. E. Wallis).  
14. P takes P R takes B  
15. Q to Kt 5th (ch) R to Kt 3rd  
16. B takes R  
White might have taken the Kt, for the Rook cannot move without the loss of the Queen or mate following.  
16. Q takes B  
17. Q to Q 8th B to K 3rd  
18. R to K B 2nd P to Kt 6th  
19. R to B 3rd B to Kt 5th  
20. Q R to K B sq  
The correct reply, still further improving his position.  
20. B takes R  
21. R takes B Kt to R 3rd  
This unnecessary move abandons all hope of saving the game, and White now forces it in a few moves.  
22. Q takes R K to R 3rd  
23. Kt to K 2nd Q takes P  
24. Kt takes P Kt to B 5th  
25. Q to R 8th (ch) Q to R 2nd  
26. Kt to B 5th (ch), and wins.

The great match of the London Chess League—City v. Metropolitan—came off on March 15 at the rooms of the latter club. Each had so far won all its engagements in this competition, and much interest was centred in the final struggle for the premier position. When play ceased only five games were concluded, all of them being drawn, leaving fifteen games unfinished. As this was a very unsatisfactory result, the Metropolitan Club proposed that the match should end in a draw, and, after some opposition, this proposal was accepted by the City officials. The match will, therefore, be played over again.

The Belfast Chess Club is making considerable progress both in skill and numbers, and promises to become one of the strongest provincial clubs. We think some of these bodies might usefully test their powers against the leading London clubs, either by a meeting of teams on intermediate and neutral ground or by the old-fashioned if tedious method of a correspondence game.

The final tie for the Metropolitan Cup, B Division, between the Post Office Chess Club and the 15th was played on Friday evening, March 16, when the Post Office won by 7½ games to 4½.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

That an idea or proposition that is novel should be received with either abuse or ridicule, or with both, proves absolutely nothing. It does not mean that it is necessarily right, but far less does it mean that it is not destined to an early and triumphant success. Never did a new idea receive a more drenching shower of cold water or a more withering fire of ridicule than the proposition recently made by Miss Ethel Stokes for the formation of a corps of women Medical Staff Volunteers. Never, do I say? Well, I believe there was once a movement which equally received the scorn and discouragement of both the popular voice and the official criticism—it was the male Volunteer movement in its early days. Miss Stokes and her companions in this suggested new departure may take comfort (if they feel to need it, as doubtless they do not) under the opposition they have aroused by turning to the records of the early days of the amateur soldiering of the other sex. Though the beginning of the Volunteer movement was years before my recollection, yet even I can remember when it was common for the rough lout of the streets and the public-house-corner lounge to receive a solitary Volunteer in his uniform with shouts of opprobrium and ridicule, and sometimes with mud and stones also. The street boys would follow a "rifle-man" in uniform, demanding in strident tones, "Who killed the cat?" a query in which there apparently lurked some singular spice of sarcasm to the common mind, hard to be understood, since it seems to the impartial intelligence that he who could shoot the lithe and active grimalkin "on the stalk" could yet more easily kill a slow and comparatively bulky human creature. However, the rude jeers of the populace were only an uncivilised reflection of the more mannerly but yet more intense scorn of the professional soldier, and, above all, of the heads of the War Office, for the civilian soldier. Miss Stokes and her corps cannot have more opposition to go through for some years than male Volunteering has survived.

But this does not by any means make it certain that women Volunteers are desirable as an addition to our military forces. That is quite a separate question, absolutely unrelated to the jeers or the abuse of the slow-witted and prejudiced. Let us try to consider it impartially. Are women Volunteers capable of the work of the medical staff? If so, is it desirable, for the country and for the woman's cause, that they shall undertake the duties?

On the first point it may be remarked that it is not easy to tell what the young woman of to-day can do if she tries. The feeble, fragile, delicate woman of the day before yesterday has quite vanished. She was a product of a passing phase of thought, for it is distinctly laid down in several last-century treatises on the morals and manners of women that they ought, to please men, to pretend to be weak and fragile, even if they were not so; and women answered to the moral standard of their time. But men have found out to-day that the woman's share of the work of the world cannot be effectively done by a victim of nerves and a feeble muscular system, and have decided to call out all that women really have of strength and capacity. The result is that girls now, more sensibly dressed and more encouraged to take exercise and cultivate physical strength than ever before in history—except, perhaps, in ancient Greece—have shown an unexpected amount of bodily power to exist among the sex. If they can do the drill that they would be required to go through to be accepted by the War Office as "efficient," the women Volunteers could equally do the same work in war, if needed. If there are other reasons for letting them try if they can do it, experience will settle whether they are strong enough.

Now, with regard to the necessity, from the public point of view, of the work of the Medical Staff Corps, let it be distinctly understood, is the traditional work of women—the care of the wounded. Why, then, cannot it be left to ordinary hospital nurses? ask the objectors. There are some very good answers to give. The first is that there would be work for all the available trained nurses and for the Volunteers trained specially for this purpose too, if we should ever have the calamity of war on English soil. Trained nurses are not among us in greater numbers than they are needed for nursing the sick and wounded of daily civil life. As it is, an epidemic, even such little ones as the influenza and scarlet fever ones that we have had during the last few years, have made competent nurses scarce, as many of us found to our cost. Thousands of wounded sailors and soldiers thrown on the hands of the nursing power of the community could only be dealt with by depriving the civilian sick of their trained nursing, as matters stand. Moreover, the training of a hospital nurse is not at all the same as that of the war staff. The women Volunteers, I find in the "Manual for the Medical Staff Corps," would also be drilled in the methods of lifting and carrying men wounded in particular manners; in putting up hospital tents, and building temporary kitchens and other needful appliances for the use of their corps and patients; in preparing railway wagons for the reception of the wounded, in utilising country carts, and in improvising stretchers. The military staff Volunteers are also pledged to go at the orders of their officers as much under fire as may be thought needful, and this perilous service ordinary nurses would not be ordered to do.

As to the position of women, I do not think the movement matters. There are always people who turn away shocked at any and every fresh undertaking, but they soon come round when it succeeds. Miss Stokes thinks that women ought to form this corps to meet the objection to their having the vote that they do not fight for their country. I do not think there is any force in that: women defend our country just as the immense majority of men do—by giving of their substance to pay the war taxes. The special patriotic duty for women is not to fight as if they were no better than males, but to promote mutual disarmament, arbitration, and the formation of international tribunals, to do away with the curse and the disgrace of war forthwith, as far as may be, and finally to abolish it as a thing as uncivilised, inhuman, and disgraceful to mankind as cannibalism—for that is the true character of "glorious war."

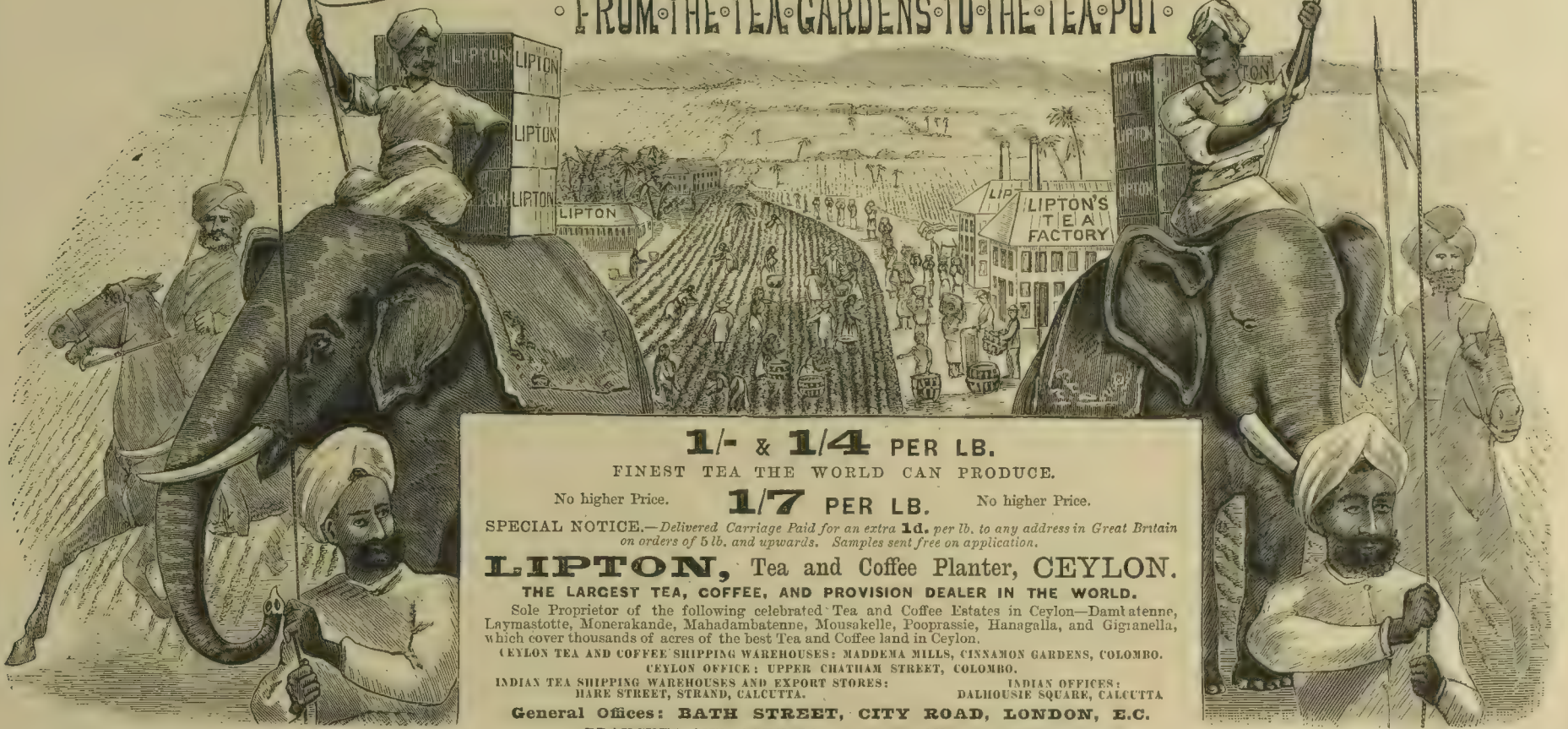


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The second Philharmonic concert at Queen's Hall suffered somewhat from a plethora of material, but otherwise there was positively no fault to find with the programme. As we anticipated, the repetition of Tschai-kowsky's last symphony met with unanimous approval. The many beauties of each movement were brought into the clearest possible relief, and the charm of Tschaikowsky's interesting original style worked upon the audience as though it were a spell. The instrumental soloists of the evening were Miss Fanny Davies and M. Emile Sauret, the former giving a beautifully chaste and artistic rendering (with Madame Schumann's cadenzas) of Beethoven's pianoforte concerto in G major, while the violinist was heard to especial advantage in Dr. Mackenzie's clever "Pibroch."

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No. of District.	For this Competition the United Kingdom will be divided into 8 Districts, as under:
1	IRELAND.
2	SCOTLAND.
3	MIDDLESEX, KENT, and SURREY.
4	NORTHUMBERLAND, DURHAM, and YORKSHIRE.
5	CUMBERLAND, WESTMORELAND, LANCASHIRE, and ISLE OF MAN.
6	WALES, CHESHIRE, STAFFORDSHIRE, SHROPSHIRE, WORCESTERSHIRE, MONMOUTHSHIRE, and HEREFORDSHIRE.
7	NOTTINGHAMSHIRE, DERBYSHIRE, LINCOLNSHIRE, LEICESTERSHIRE, WARWICKSHIRE, RUTLANDSHIRE, NORFOLK, SUFFOLK, CAMBRIDGESHIRE, HUNTINGDONSHIRE, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE, BEDFORDSHIRE, and OXFORDSHIRE.
8	ESSEX, HERTFORDSHIRE, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE, BERKSHIRE, SUSSEX, HAMPSHIRE, WILTSHIRE, GLOUCESTERSHIRE, SOMERSETSHIRE, DORSETSHIRE, DEVONSHIRE, CORNWALL, ISLE OF WIGHT, and CHANNEL ISLANDS.

The Prizes will be awarded every month during 1894, in each of the 8 Districts, as under:

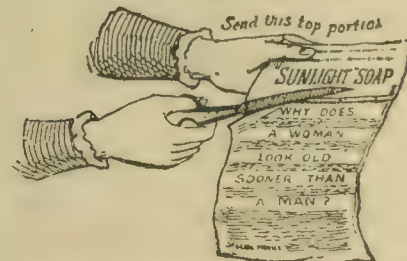
Every month, in each of the 8 Districts, the 5 Competitors who send the largest number of Coupons from the district in which they reside will each receive, at winner's option, a Lady's or Gent's Premier Safety Cycle, with Dunlop Pneumatic Tyres, value £20\*  
 The next 20 Competitors will each receive, at winner's option, a Lady's or Gent's "Waltham" Stem-Winding Silver Lever Watch, value £4 4s.  
 The next 200 Competitors will each receive a Book, published at 5s.  
 The next 300 Competitors will each receive a Book, published at 3s. 6d.  
 The next 400 Competitors will each receive a Book, published at 2s. 6d.  
 The next 500 Competitors will each receive a Book, published at 2s.  
 The next 1000 Competitors will each receive a Book, published at 1s.

\* The Bicycles are the Celebrated Helical (Spiral) Tube Premier Cycles (Highest Award Chicago 1893), manufactured by the Premier Cycle Co., Ltd., of Coventry and London, fitted with Dunlop 1894 Pneumatic Tyres, Salisbury's "Invincible" Lamp, Lamplugh's 40" Saddle, Harrison's Gong, Tool Valise, Pump, &c.

## RULES.

- The Competitions will close the last day of each month. Coupons received too late for one month's competition will be put into the next.
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- A printed list of Winners of Bicycles and Watches, and of Winning Numbers of Coupons for Books in Competitor's District, will be forwarded 21 days after each competition closes, to those competitors who send Halfpenny Stamp for Postage, but in all cases where this is done, "Stamp enclosed" should be written on the form.
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50	0	0	4800	0	0
52	10	0	5040	0	0
50	0	0	4800	0	0
50	0	0	4800	0	0
50	0	0	4800	0	0
50	0	0	4800	0	0
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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated June 2, 1860), with two codicils (dated July 23, 1880, and July 27, 1883), of Mr. Robert Ruthven Pym, of 35, Devonshire Place, who died on Jan. 17, was proved on March 15 by John Deacon and Robert Bloomfield Fraser, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £110,000. The testator directs £15,000 to be raised out of certain hereditaments in settlement, and he appoints the same upon trust for his younger daughter Etheldreda Cecil Tweddell, subject thereto his elder daughter Harriet Ruth Wade, succeeds to the said hereditaments. With the exception of some bequests to servants, he gives all his real and personal estate to his wife, but as she predeceased him the same passes to his two daughters.

The will (dated Aug. 2, 1890), with a codicil (dated April 29, 1893), of Mr. James Thomas Edge, D.L., J.P., of Strelley Hall, Notts, who died on Jan. 22, was proved on March 15 by Thomas Lewis Kekewich Edge, the son, and the Hon. Sir Arthur Kekewich, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £96,000. The testator bequeaths £500 to the Nottingham General Hospital; £100 each to the Lunatic Hospital at the Coppice, Nottingham, the Church Missionary Society, and the British and Foreign Bible Society; £500, and an annuity of £800 to his wife, Mrs. Emily Mary Edge, she surrendering a jointure of £400 secured to her by their marriage settlement; and legacies to nephews and others. All his real estate and the residue of his personal estate he gives to his son, Thomas Lewis Kekewich Edge.

The will (dated Nov. 30, 1893) of Sir Henry Dalrymple des Vœux, Bart., of 46, Grosvenor Place, who died on Jan. 20, was proved on March 17 by Lady Alice Magdalen des Vœux, the widow, and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to upwards of £92,000. The testator gives his house, 46, Grosvenor Place, all his furniture, pictures, plate, books, wines, effects, horses, and carriages, and £5000 to his wife; £6000 each to his daughters; an annuity of £200, during the life of his wife, to his brother, Charles Champagne; an annuity of £400, during the life of his wife, to his said

brother's son, Frederick Henry Arthur, and at her death, £10,000; all his hereditaments in the county of Derby to his wife, for life, then to his said brother, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons successively in tail male; all his real estate in county Carlow to the use of his said brother, Charles Champagne, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons successively in tail male; his house at Leamington and all his real estate in Queen's County, Ireland, to his successor in the baronetcy; and £5000, upon trust, to pay the income for twenty-one years to the person who shall enjoy the baronetcy, and at the expiration of that period, as to the capital sum to the then baronet. The residue of his personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for his children.

The will (dated July 6, 1889), with a codicil (dated Dec. 20, 1892) of Mrs. Emily Anne Valpy, of Champneys, near Tring, Hertfordshire, and 43, Prince's Gate, Hyde Park, who died on Dec. 23, was proved on March 14 by the Rev. Arthur Sutton Valpy, the son, and Monier Faithfull Monier Williams, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £57,000. The testatrix bequeaths £100 to the Vicar of Wigginton, to be distributed at his discretion among the poor of the said parish; £500 each to her grandchildren, and an additional £200 each to such as are also her godchildren; £500 each to her executors; and legacies, pecuniary and specific, to children and others. Under the will of her father, Daniel Sutton, she appoints the freehold and copyhold estate of Champneys, and the manors of Champneys and Forsters, and other real estate in the parish of Wigginton to her son Arthur Sutton; and various properties to each of her daughters. The residue of the property under the will of her father and also the residue of her real and personal estate she leaves as to two fourths to her said son and one fourth each to her daughters, Emily Margaret Pearson and Adelaide Frances Darroek.

The will (dated Dec. 13, 1888), with a codicil (dated Aug. 7, 1893), of Mrs. Martha Swete Browne, of 42, Prince's Square, Bayswater, who died on Dec. 24, was proved on March 2 by the Rev. Charles Gordon Browne, the Rev. Ernest Alfred Browne, and William Moxon

Browne, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £52,000. The testatrix bequeaths £2000 to her daughter Adelaide Lucia, if unmarried at her death, £13,000, upon trust, for her, for life or until marriage, and £8000, upon trust, for her on her marriage; £199 to her daughter Octavia Geraldine Corbet; and £2500 Two and Three-quarter per Cent. Consols, upon trust, for her sister, Lucia Swete Cummins, for life. There are also some specific bequests to her two daughters. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves, upon trust, for her five sons, Charles Gordon, Ernest Alfred, William Moxon, Edward Pohlman, and Oswald Auchinleck.

The will (dated Sept. 30, 1893) of Mr. Justyn George Durham Douglas, M.D., of Tantallon, Madeira Road, Bournemouth, who died on Oct. 25, was proved on March 6, by Henry Stopford Ram and John Roberts Thomson, M.D., two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £21,000. The testator bequeaths his household furniture, books, plate, and effects to his wife, Mrs. Augusta Mary Douglas. The residue of his estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life or widowhood; then to his children equally; and in the event of all his children dying in the lifetime of his wife without issue, to his wife absolutely.

The will (dated Jan. 19, 1885) of Charles Louis Josselin de Rohan Chabot, Duc de Rohan, of 42, Avenue de la Tour Maubourg, Paris, and of Josselin, France, who died on Aug. 6, was proved in London on March 15, by Philippe Augustin Jules Guériot, the executor, the value of the personal estate in England exceeding £12,000. The testator bequeaths 3000 francs to the hospital at Josselin, 2000 francs to the workshop of the same town, and 3000 francs to the poor of Josselin, and he expresses his regret that he can do no more; and there are some specific gifts to children and other legacies. Subject to these legacies he gives what is his own property to be equally divided between his children.

The Irish probate, sealed at Dublin, of the will (dated Aug. 5, 1892), with a codicil (dated Nov. 18 following), of the Hon. Mrs. Harriet Stopford, of Borris, county

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OFFICIAL HEALTH REPORT.

As a health resort, St. Lawrence-on-Sea stands pre-eminent. Notwithstanding the prevalence of influenza more or less in all South Coast Seaside Resorts, not a single death was registered for the week ending Dec. 29, 1891, with a normal population of over 25,000, in addition to visitors.

For the three months ending Nov. 30, 1893, the extraordinary low death-rate of 10 per 1000 prevailed.

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Carlow, who died on Dec. 12, granted to the Rev. Eckersall Nixon, the brother, and Frederick Adolphus Brabazon Turner, the executors, has now been resealed in London, the value of the personal estate in England and Ireland amounting to £2818. The testatrix bequeaths £100 to the representative body of the Church of Ireland for the Church Sustentation Fund of the parish of Lorum; £20 each to the Church of Ireland Clergy Widow and Orphan Fund and the Irish Distressed Ladies' Association; and legacies to nephews, nieces, and others. The residue of her property she gives to her husband, the Hon. Edward Sydney Stopford.

## OBITUARY.

GENERAL SIR GEORGE BALFOUR.

General Sir George Balfour, K.C.B., died at his residence in Cleveland Gardens, W., on March 12. Sir George was son of Captain George Balfour, of Montrose, N.B., and became a Second Lieutenant in the Madras Artillery in 1825. He served with the expeditionary force in China during the war in 1840-42, and was subsequently Consul at Shanghai. From 1849 to 1857 he was a member of the Madras Military Board, and from 1857 to 1859 Inspector-General of Ordnance. He was President of the Military Finance Department of India, and in 1866 one of the Royal Commissioners for inquiring into the recruiting for the Army. In 1868 he was appointed Assistant to the Controller-in-Chief, War Office; and from 1872 to 1892 represented Kincardine-

shire in Parliament. Sir George married, in 1848, Charlotte, daughter of Mr. Joseph Hume, M.P.

ADMIRAL SIR CLAUD BUCKLE.

Admiral Sir Claud Buckle, K.C.B., died at his residence in Rutland Gate, W. Sir Claud came of a family distinguished in the annals of the British Navy. His father was Admiral Matthew Buckle of Bath, and his grandfather was Matthew Buckle, Admiral of the Blue, who was flag-captain to Admiral Boscawen, and commanded the British fleet in the Downs in 1783. The late Admiral was born in 1803, and entered the Royal Navy in 1817. In 1875 he was made a K.C.B. for services while Captain of the Valorous in the Baltic and Black Seas. Sir Claud married in 1847 Harriet Margaret, daughter of Mr. Thomas Deane Shute, of Bramshaw Hill, Hants. Lady Buckle died last year.

We have also to record the deaths of—

The Countess of Courtown, at Courtown House, on March 12. Lady Courtown was daughter of George John, fourth Lord Sondes, and she married the present Earl of Courtown in 1846.

The Very Rev. the Hon. George Herbert, Dean of Hereford, at the Deanery, on March 15. The late Dean, who was born Nov. 25, 1825, was third son of the second Earl of Powis, by Lucy, his wife, daughter of the Duke of Montrose. From 1855 to 1867 he was a Prebendary of Hereford Cathedral, and became Dean in the latter year. In 1863 he married Elizabeth Beatrice, daughter of Sir

Tatton Sykes, Bart., of Sledmere, in the county of York, and leaves issue.

Blanche, Countess of Sandwich, at 17, Charles Street, Berkeley Square, W., on March 20. She was second daughter of the first Earl of Ellesmere, and granddaughter of the Duke of Sutherland. In 1865 she married John William, Earl of Sandwich, who was then a widower. The Earl died in 1884.

Dame Mary Constance Slade, at Cadogan Gardens, S.W., on March 20. She was daughter of Mr. William Cuthbert, of Beaufront Castle, Hexham, Northumberland. In 1860 she married Sir Alfred Frederic Slade, Bart., of Maunsel, in the county of Somerset, who died in 1890.

Admiral Charles Bailey Calmady Dent, at Stanley Place, Chester, on March 20. The late Admiral was born in 1832, and his father was also an Admiral in the Navy. He married, in 1863, Corinna, daughter of Sir D. Courcumelli, of Corfu.

Dame Gertrude Ingham, at 40, Gloucester Square, on March 19. She was the daughter of Mr. James Penrose, of Woodhill, Cork, and she was widow of Sir James Taylor Ingham, Chief Police Magistrate at Bow Street.

Mr. Frederick Gonnerman Dalgety, of Lockerley Hall, Hants, on March 20. The late Mr. Dalgety, who was born in 1817, was son and heir of Mr. Alexander Dalgety. He married, in 1855, Blanche Elizabeth Trosse, only daughter of Mr. John Allen, of Coleridge House, Stokenham, Devon, and leaves issue.

## DEATHS.

On March 18, at his residence, Great Wyrley, Wednesbury, Frederick Brookes, third son of William Henry Brookes, Esq., of Great Wyrley. Friends please accept this intimation.

On March 23, at Wellesley, Torquay, George Pycroft, M.R.C.S.E., of 2, Camborne Terrace, Richmond, Surrey, late of Kenton, Devon, aged 74, of bronchitis.

On March 24, at 41, Kidbrook Park Road, Blackheath, S.E., Anna Louisa, widow of the late Viscount Alfredo Duprat, Consul-General for Portugal in London, in her 77th year.

On March 23, at Claverton Rose Road Avenue, Southampton, Amelia (Amy), widow of the late Thomas Carr, of Montpellier, Bristol, and daughter-in-law of the late Rev. John Carr, of Stackhouse, Settle, Yorkshire, aged 60.

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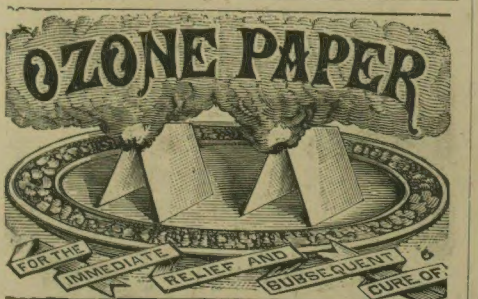
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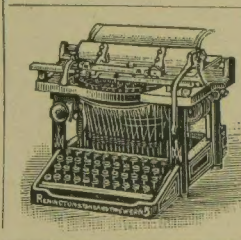
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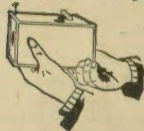
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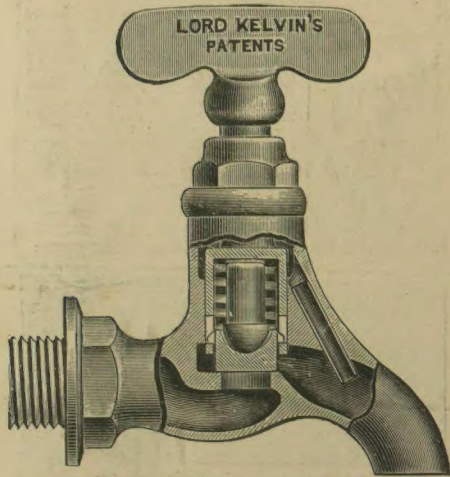
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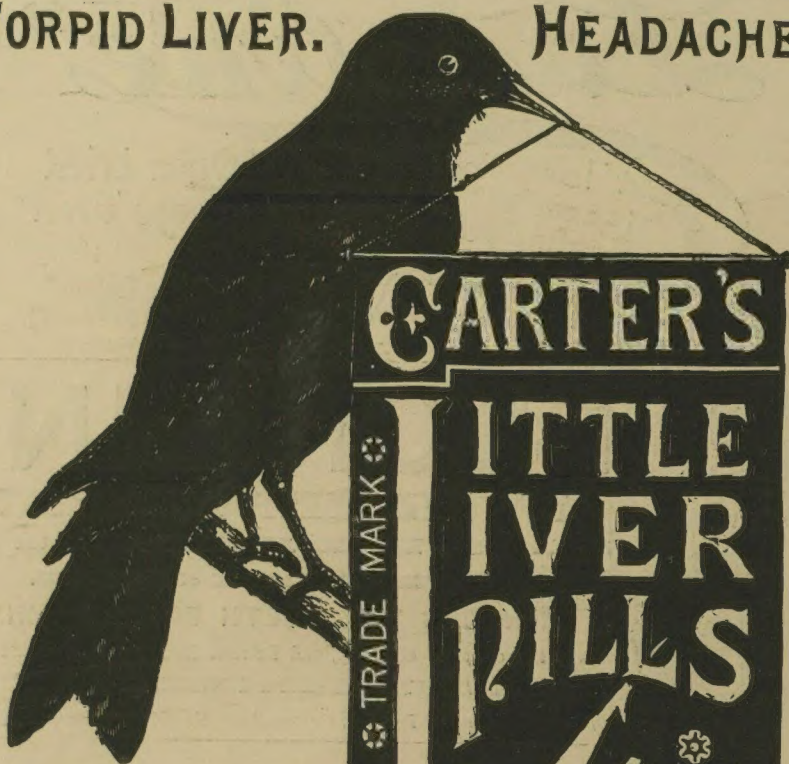
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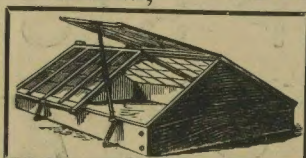
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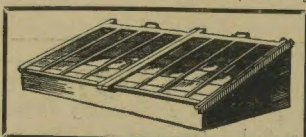
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